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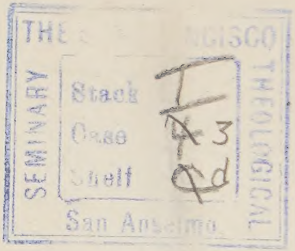

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Select Poetry

Chiefly Devotional

of

The Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

FOR

The Parker Society,

BY

EDWARD FARR, Esq.

PART THE SECOND.

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XXIV.

THOMAS TUSSER.

PRINCIPALL POINTES OF RELIGION.

To pray to God continually;
To learne to know him rightfully;
To honour God in Trinitie;
The Trinitie in Vnitie;
The Father in his maiestie;
The Sonne in his humanitie;
The Holy Ghost's benignitie;
Three persons one in Deitie;
To serue him alway holily;
To aske him all thing needfully;
To prayse him alway worthely;
To loue him alway stedfastly;
To dread him alway fearefully;
To aske him mercy hartely;
To trust him alway faithfully;
To obey him alway willingly;
To abide him alway patiently;
To thank him alway thankfully;
To liue here alway vertuously;
To vse thy neighbour honestly;
To looke for death still presently;
To helpe the poore in misery;
To hope for heauen's felicity;
To haue faith, hope, and charitie;
To count this life but vanitie—
Bee points of Christianitie.

THE AUTHOR'S BELIEFE.

This is my stedfast creede,
My faith and al my trust,
That in the heauens ther is a God,
Most mighty, mild, and just;
A God aboue all gods,
A King aboue all Kinges,
The Lord of lords, chief Gouernour
Of heauen and earthly things:

That power hath of life,
Of death, of heauen, and hell;
That al thing made as pleaseth him,
So wonderfull to tell:
That made the hanging skies,
So deckt with diuers lights;
Of darkenes made the chereful daies,
And al our restfull nights:

That clad this earth with herbe,
With trees of sundry fruits,
With beast, with bird, both wild and tame,
Of strange and sundry suits;
That intermixt the same
With mynes like veines of ore,
Of siluer, gold, of precious stones,
And treasures many more:

That joined brookes to dales,
To hils fresh water-springes,
With riuers sweete along the meedes,
To profit many thinges:
That made the hoary frostes,
The flaky snowes so trim,
The hony deaws, the blustring windes,
To serue as pleaseth him:

That made the surging seas
In course to ebbe and flowe,
That skilful man with sailing ship
Mought trauell to and fro;
And stored so the same
For man's vnthankfull sake,
That euery nation vnder heauen
Mought thereby profit take:

That gaue to man a soule,
With reason how to liue,
That doth to him and al things els
His blessing daily giue:
That is not seen, yet seeth
How man doth run his race;
Whose daily works, both good and bad,
Stand knowne before his face:

That sendeth thundering claps
Like terrors out of hell,
That man may know a God ther is,
That in the heauens doth dwel:
That sendeth threatning plagues
To keep our liues in awe,
His benefites if we forget,
Or do contempne his lawe:

That dayly hateth sinne,
That loueth vertue well,
And is the God of Abraham,
Isaac and Israel:
That doth his pleasure take,
When we his laws offend;
And yet amids his heauy wrath
His mercy doth extend.

This is that Lord of hosts,
The Father of vs all,

The maker of whatere was made,
My God on whom I call;
Which for the loue of man
Sent downe his onely Sonne,
Begot of him before the worldes
Were any whit begonne.

This entred Marie's womb,
As fayth affirmeth sure;
Conceyued by the Holy Ghost,
Borne of that virgin pure.
This was both God and man,
Of Jewes the hoped King;
And liued here, saue only sinne,
Like man in euery thing.

This is that virgin's Child,
That same most Holy Priest,
The Lamb of God, the Prophet great,
Whom Scripture calleth Christ:
This that Messias was
Of whom the prophet spake,
That should tread down the serpent's head,
And our atonement make.

This Judas did betray
To false dissembling Jewes,
Which vnto Pilat, being iudge,
Did falsly him accuse;
Who through that wicked judge,
And of those Jewes' despight,
Condemned and tormented was
With all the force they might.

To liuing, with more euill
What could such wretches do?
More pearcing wounds, more bitter pains,
Than they did put him to?

They crowned him with thorne,
That was the King of kings,
That sought to saue the soule of man
Aboue all worldly things.

This was the Pascall Lamb,
Whose loue for vs so stoode,
That on the mount of Caluerine
Did shed for vs his bloud:
Where hanging on the crosse,
No shame he did forsake,
Till death giuen him by pearcing speare
An end of life did make.

This Joseph seeing dead,
The body thence did craue,
And took it forthwith from the crosse,
And layd it in his graue.
Downe thence he went to hell,
In vsing there his will—
His soule I meane,—his flayed corps
In tombe remaining still.

From death to life againe
The third day this did rise,
And seene on earth to his elect
Times oft in sundry wise;
And after into heauen
Ascende he did in sight,
And sitteth on the right hand there
Of God, the Father of might:

Where for vs wretches all
His Father he doth pray
To haue respect vnto his death,
And put our sinnes away.
From thence with sounded trump,
Which noyse all flesh shall dread,

He shal returne with glory againe,
To judg the quicke and dead.

In God the Holy Ghost
I firmely do beleue,
Which from the Father and the Sonne
Proceeding, life doth giue:
Which by the prophets spake;
Which doth all comfort send;
Which I do trust shal be my guide,
When this my life shal end.

A holy catholyke church
On earth I graunt there is,
And those which frame their liues by that
Shall neuer spede amisse:
The head whereof is Christ,
His woord the chiefes post;
Preseruer of this Temple great
Is God the Holy Ghost.

I do not doubt there is
A multitude of saintes:
More good is done resembling them
Then showing them our plaints.
Their faith and workes in Christ
That glory them did giue;
Which glory we shal likewise haue,
If lykewise we so liue.

At God of heauen there is
Forgiueness of our sinnes
Through Christe's death, through faith in it,
And through none other ginnes:
If we repentant here
His mercy daily craue,
Through stedfast hope and faith in Christ
Forgiueness we shal haue.

I hope and trust vppon
The rising of the flesh:
This corps of mine, that first must dye,
Shall rise againe afresh.
The body and soule euen then
In one shall ioined bee:
As Christ did rise from death to life,
Euen so through Christ shal we.

As Christ is glorified,
And neuer more shal dye;
As Christ ascended is to heauen,
Through Christ euen so shall I:
As Christ I compt my head,
And I am member of his,
So God, I trust, for Christe's sake,
Shall settle me in blisse.

XXV.

RICHARD VENNARD.

Laudetur Domiuus in æternum.

Oh heauenly Spirit of especiall power,
That in thy hand thy praise of praises holdest ;
And from the top of truthe's triumphant tower
The hidden fence of fairest thoughts vnfoldest :
Inspire this hart and humble soule of mine
With some sweet sparkle of thy power deuine.

Teach me to thinck but on that onely thought,
Wherein doth liue the grace of vertue's glory ;
And learne no more then what thy truth hath taught
To those best wits that write thy worthie storie ;
Wherein is seene in heauen and earth's preseruing
The highest point of praises, praise deseruing.

Let not compare come neere vnto none such :
Heauen bee my thought, and let the world go by ;
And say with all that, say I nere so much,
All are but trifles to thy treasurie :
For all no more then what thy mercie giueth,
Who can behold wherein thy glory liueth ?

No; I can see the shining of the sunne,
But cannot sound the essence of the light:
Then of thy face, in whom that faire begunne,
How can my soule presume to haue a sight ?
No, my deere God, thy glory hath a beeing,
Where eie, nor heart, nor soule, may haue a seeing.

And therefore, Lord, since such thy glory is
As cannot bee but of thyselfe conceiued ;

And heauen nor earth conteines that sparke of blisse
But from thy hand of mercy is receiued;
What spirit can hir sweetest passion raise
Neere to the due of thy deserued praise?

Yet since all glory doth belong to thee,
Thy name in all things must bee magnified;
And by thy mercie thou hast made mee see
How in my soule thou maist be glorified:
In that sweet mercy make my soule to know,
How best I may that blessed glory show.

* * * * *

XXVI.

G. C.

Respice finem.

MAN'S pleasures passe; respect them not:
His glory glisters but a tyme;
His famous fare is soone forgot;
His highest hap breedes cursed crime:
But this to thee doth chiefly tend;
But what thou dost, respect thy ende.

To graft thy glory in the glose
Of gorgeous geere and braue araie,
Were sure to plant a vaine suppose
On that which weares betymes away:
The surest shroude that may thee shend,
Is, what thou dost respect thy ende.

Attempt no trade that tickle is,
Or that which standes aboue thy strength;
For sure the path to perfect blisse
Hath not the square for such a length:
But when thou wouldst thyselfe defend,
In what thou dost respect thy ende.

For when that doubtes and deepe delayes
Can not ascertaine thy pretence,
Presume not much, nor set assayes
To that thou canst not well conuince:
From hence all hap doth still descend;
In what thou dost respect the ende.

Or if the thing thou maist attaine
For present tyme hath pleasant tast,
Returne betimes to this againe,
To see if like it be at last;
And trust no stayes that eases lend,
But what thou dost, respect the ende.

XXVII.

J. RHODES.

AN ANSWERE TO A ROMISH RIME.

THE PREFACE.

The Papist's Request.

I PRAY thee, Protestant, beare with me,
To aske thee questions two or three;
And if an answere thou canst make,
More of thy counsell I will take.
If not, then must thou be content
That I remayne, as I am bent,
A Roman Catholike to be,
Which was a Protestant once with thee;
But now am gone away from you,
To those I take for Christians true.

The Protestant's Answere.

I am content, Sir Catholike,
To heare, and grant the thing you seek:
But how should I assured bee
That you will then be rulde by mee,
When in your lawe it is set downe,
You may break faith with king and clowne?
Well—yet if God and learned men
Will giue me leaue to vse my pen,
I answere will, tho simply,
Your questions drawne from Popery.

The Papist's Complaynt.

Many and sundry sects appeare
Now in the world, both farre and neere;

The Protestant, the Puritan,
The Caluinist, and Zwinglian,
The Brownist, and the Family of Loue,
And many more that I can proue;
Beside the Romane faith truely,
Which Protestants call Papistry.
All these are Christ's true church, they say;
But now on which shall my soule stay?

The Protestant's Answere.

Strange sects there are, and so will be,
The church to trye in eche degree:
But for the most of them you name,
They are not worthy of that blame.
The Brownist, he is punished;
The Familists from vs are fled:
If we were rid of Papists too,
Both kingdoms[1] should haue lesse to doo.
And you that will of sects complayne,
Shew which by law we doe maintayne.

The Papist's further Complaynt.

All these with Rome in very deede
Rehearse all artikles of the creede,
And euery one of them still saith,
Theirs is the true Catholike faith.
But how should I, amongst all these,
Know truth from falshood, God to please?
This is the thing that still I seeke,
To know the true Church Catholike,
The fellowship and company
Of holy men in vnity.

[1] England and Ireland.

The Protestant's Answere.

If these with Rome, and thousands moe,
Receyue our creede, and yet will goe
So many hundred steppes awry
As Willet dooth in you descry[2];
They are not worthy once to beare
The name of Christians anywhere.
Returne agayne, therefore, I say,
To Christ, and to God's word alway.
Then you shall see that Vnity
Is nothing without Verity.

THE CHURCH OF ROME CATHOLIKE.

The Papist proceedes.

I in your Bibles thus haue read,
The Church must through the world be spred;
For Christ he his apostles sent,
With power and with commandement,
That to all nations they should goe,
To preach and to baptize also.
What company then tooke in hand
To winne and to conuert this land,
With other countreyes farre and neere,
But Rome, our mother Church most deere?

The Protestant's Answere.

Our Bibles teach all trueth indeede,
Which euery Christian ought to reede:
But Papists thereto will say nay;
Because their deedes it doth bewray.
Christ, he the twelue apostles sent[3];
But who gaue you commandement

[2] In *Synopsis Papismi*, printed 1600; where five hundred heresies are found in popery.

[3] Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

To winne and gather anywhere?
To bind by othe, to vowe, and sweare
New proselytes to Popery,
Gaynst trueth, our prince, and countrey[1]?

The Papist proceedes.

Saint Paul in his Epistle sayth,
The Romanes had the Catholike fayth,
And was so farre foorth renowned,
That none like it was published
Throughout the world in places all,
To be the trueth vniuersall.
If yours in England had bene so,
Then to your churches I would go;
But till you proue your faith thus cleere,
To yours I will no more come neere.

The Protestant's Answere.

When Rome returnes to Christ againe,
And be as once it did remaine;
I meane, when Paul to them did write[2],
And when that fifteene popes in fight
Did suffer for the Gospell pure[3];
England for truth, you may be sure,
Will ioyne and ioy with Rome againe,
With Italy, with Fraunce and Spaine;
And Antichrist shall be cast downe,
Which now doth weare the triple crowne[4].

The Papist proceedes.

We reade in prophet Malachy,
There shall be offrings farre and nye;
A cleane oblation sacrifice
From place where now the sun doth rise

[1] Jesuit's doctrine. Matt. xxiii. 15. [2] Rom. i. 7, 8.
[3] See *The Pagent of Popes, made by J. Studly.*
[4] Rev. xviii.

Vnto the setting of the same.
O, what is that? I pray thee, name.
If this be not the holy masse,
I'le be a Protestant as I was:
Wherefore resolue me speedily,
If thou wilt haue my company.

The Protestant's Answere.

Saint Jerome and Tertullian,
Or any other learned man,
Writing on this short prophecy
Preached by prophet Malachy[5],
Shall iudge in this for vs and you,
Who giues best sence and meaning true.
We say it speakes of pure prayer;
Not of your masse, but Christ's supper:
And you, to make poore soules your asse,
Doe saye its meant of popish masse.

The Papist proceedes.

In th' eighteenth Psalme there it is found,
That all the world shall heare their sound:
That is to say, shall vnderstand,
In euery nation, realme, and land,
That Rome, and eke the fayth of Rome,
Is vniuersall without doome.
Goe where you will the world throughout,
And Rome is famous without doubt.
And if this marke you doe not want,
Then presently I will recant.

The Protestant's Answere.

The Psalme for number you mistooke,
Eighteene for nineteene in your booke:

[5] Malachi i. 2.

The sense thereof first literall
Is meant of creatures great and small.
And to the Romanes for the sound[1]
Is meant God's word which doth abound:
And not for Popish doctrine taught,
Of which in that age no man thought.
Therefore your sound, glory, and fame,
Is now nought else but open shame.

THE CHURCH OF ROME'S CONTINUANCE.

The Papist proceedes.

This is another marke most sure,
The fayth of Christ must still endure;
According as our Sauiour sayd,
When for Saint Peter once he prayd:
Simon, thy faith shall neuer fayle;
The gates of hell shall not preuayle;
The Holy Ghost your Comforter,
He shall remayne with you euer;
And myselfe, your surest friend,
Will be with you to the world's end.

The Protestant's Answere.

We graunt the trueth must stil endure;
But of this one thing let's be sure:
And that is, whether we or you
Doe hold the fayth of Christ most true.
Your doctrine is a doung-hill heape
Of man's traditions[2], which did creepe
Into the Church by some and some,
Vntil you had spoyled Christ's kingdome.
Christ's words to Peter you abuse;
Therefore your sense we doe refuse.

[1] Rom. x. 18.
[2] Matt. xv. 10, xxiii. See Beacon's booke entituled *The Reliques of Rome.*

The Papist proceedes.

Saint Paul doeth playnly write, and say,
There shall be in the Church alway
Apostles, prophets, and such like,
That for the flocke of Christ shall seeke,
And by their preaching bring them home,
Of Jews and Gentiles, where they roame.
Our Church haue these, and many moe,
Which labour thus, and bide much woe.
If this be false, and not at Rome,
Then will I be conuerted soone.

The Protestant's Answere.

Saint Paul in places three[3] doth showe,
What men into the world should goe;
And after those, of pastours all,
That should bring men from Sathan's thrall,
In setled congregation stil,
There to be taught God's word and will[4].
But as for munks, for priests, for fryers,
For jesuites, and common lyers,
They haue no warrant in God's word,
Although they reign with fire and sword.

THE CHURCH VISIBLE.

The Papist proceedes.

This is another marke most cleare:
The Church of God must still appeare,
And as a city on a hill,
So must we see it flourish still;
And as a candle shining bright,
So must God's Church appeare in sight.

[3] Rom. xii. 6; 1 Cor. xii. 8; Eph. iv. 11. [4] Acts xx. 20.

Our Sauiour saith, If one offend,
And will not by rebukes amend,
Esteeme him as a wicked man,
A heathen or a publican.

The Protestant's Answere.

How long will papists blinded be
In that which euery eye may see?
The Church is called militant,
And troubles it doth neuer want[1]:
So that sometimes, as sunne and moone,
It is eclips't and hath her doome,
In man's conceit to shine no more;
But God againe doth her restore,
To shine and shew her beautie bright,
To teach and censure men aright.

OF SUCCESSION.

The Papist proceedes.

And is not that the Church most true,
Wherein succeeded, still in viewe,
Of bishops some two hundred, three,
As thou in histories mayest see?
Saint Peter first, and then the rest,
Which haue the people taught and blest[2]?
Shew me this marke once amongst you,
And I will say your faith is true.
If not, it is the Church of Rome
That I will cleaue vnto for doome.

The Protestant's Answere.

For trueth, this your succession
Came from false prophets euery one,

[1] Zech. xiii. 7; 1 Kings xix. 14; Matt. ii. 16.
[2] Read for disproofe of this the councill of Hippo, and the third councill of Carthage.

From Balaam's time vnto this day,
With high priests and such like alway.
And holy Scripture doth describe
The pope with his condemned pride:
And though you say he doth excell,
Yet he and you may burne in hell.
John in the Reuelation
Writes of Rome's desolation.

OF THEIR VNITY.

The Papist proceedes.

There is another marke also,
By which the true Church you may know;
And that indeede is vnitie,
Set out in many a similie
By Christ our Sauiour; who foretold
Of one shepheard, and one sheepefold;
One spouse; one husband her to loue;
One derling deare, and one fayre doue:
One fayth, one baptisme is heere,
And no dissention dooth appeare.

The Protestant's Answere.

The name of Church I know you seeke,
Though euery way you be vnlike:
By these your markes eche filth may proue
Themselues to be Christ's Church and doue.
Eche sinne is spred vniuersall;
Its visible to great and small.
Idolaters haue vnity,
And hypocrites antiquity:
But trueth, which euery one should bring,
They and you want in euerything.

THEIR HOLINESSE.

The Papist proceedes.

You Protestants doe daily read,
In Nicen and Apostles' creed,
The Church of God must holy bee,
Which we performe in each degree;
Most holy men and sacrifice,
Sweet seruice and fine ceremonies[1];
Seuen sacraments we haue alwaies,
Double and treble holydaies;
Virgins and saints, martyrs, and all,
Be ours, and you haue none at all.

The Protestant's Answere.

God's Church, we know, is sanctifide
By Christ his Spirit, who is their guide:
And holy dueties still they doe
On Sabboth daies, and other too.
But your vaine seruice we detest,
Your May-game pastimes, and the rest;
Your popish saints and votaries all;
Your traytrous martyrs, great and small.
Nothing in you but holynesse,
When none commit more wickednesse.

A SPEACH TOUCHING HERETIKES, SCHISMATIKES, ETC.

The Papist proceedes, and concludes with this speach.

Our Sauiour warnes vs to haue care,
And of false prophets to beware;
Which in his name to vs will come,
Not sent by him, and yet they runne;

[1] Prov. xxvii. 2, teacheth another lesson.

Strong theeues, not entring in aright
By Christ the dore; but in the night
They breake in at the window hie,
And steale that none may them espie:
Their comming is not to doe good,
But like to wolues they thirst for blood.

Yet in sheepe's clothing these doe goe,
Because God's people should not knowe
But that they are his pastors sure,
Which Christ hath sent with doctrine pure,
To teach, to preach, to set, and sowe,
That Christ in th' end might reap and mow:
But when their seeds are somewhat sprung,
They proue but tares and darnell young;
Thistles and thornes so are they found,
Choking and cumbering the ground[2].

These liue ene as they list truly:
Their god we see is their belly;
Like dogges and foxes so they range;
Sects they deuise, and schismes strange;
Heaping vpon themselues damnation,
For liuing after such a fashion.
These notes and marks we find in you,
More then in any Turk or Iew,
Who doe deny the name of Christ,
And doe not make them any priest.

You say, that your faith did appeare
To be the truth sixe hundred yeare:
But tell me then, Sir, if you can,
When Popery at first began?
Where were the seruants of the Lord?
Durst none of them then speake a word?

[2] Matt. xiii. 3—8.

Where were the feeders of the sheepe?
Were they all dead, or fast asleepe?
Did none of them defend the trueth,
But was controld in age and youth?

Did now St Peter's strong faith fayle?
And did the gates of hell preuayle?
Or did the salt his sauour lose?
Did Christ some other spouse then choose?
Or was truth's piller ouerthrowne,
By which all truth was to be knowne?
If this were so, Christ's word so playne,
And promises, must be but vaine;
Which was that heauen and earth should quaile,
Before his word one iote should faile.

Where haue you byn so long a time?
And vnto whom did your light shine?
Where did your chiefest pastor sit?
Who kept your keies, your helme, and ship?
Shew vs some churches you haue built,
As we can shew where you haue spilt.
What, were all damned eternally,
That were not of your company[1]?
How might a man haue found you out,
To heare and helpe in things of doubt?

When Luther, like a lying fryer,
One whom the diuell did inspire,
Did breake his vow to wed a nun,
Euen then your heresie begun,
And fauouered was in Saxony
By dukes that loued liberty;
And in king Edward's time agayne
It gan to growe and spread amayne[2].

[1] We are not judges in this matter: we leave them to God.

[2] Note this his impudency and slaunder.

A thousand yeeres, you write and say,
That papistry did beare the sway.

And during all that time and space
We say you durst not shew your face.
Who kept the holy Scriptures then
From hands of vilde and wicked men[3]?
Who had authority to ordaine
Bishops, doctors, and priests, againe?
For he that came in without order,
Comes as a theefe to steale and murder:
He is a wolfe, and not a priest;
An enemy, no friend to Christ[4].

And one thing more dooth make me muse,
That our priests you did not refuse
To say your seruice, and to sing
A psalme of Dauid. Note that thing.
This man a benefice might haue,
If he at any time did craue.
Like Iereboam, so dealt yee,
And tooke all sorts of eche degree:
A worthy mingle-mangle then
Was made of you, for lacke of men.

How may your Church make any priest,
If she be not the Church of Christ?
Answere these questions, if you can,
And I will be a Protestan.
But while your answere you deuise,
I counsell all men that are wise
To hold the fayth mayntayned heere
The space of fifteene hundred yeere,
Or of one thousand at the least;
From which who turnes shall proue a beast.

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[3] God did preserve his word at all times. Jer. xxvii.
[4] John x.

Saint Austin our apostle was,
Who came from Rome and here said masse[1]:
He first arriued here in Kent,
And so to other places went.
His fayth came from pope Gregory[2],
Which fayth was kept successiuely
By many bishops, as we read,
From Peter's time, who was the head:
Who learn'd his fayth of Christ, I say,
To whom be prayse now and alway.
Amen. Amend. Papist, amend.

The Protestant's Answere to the Papist's large conclusion.

By this time you are out of breath;
Such periods may breede your death.
But I will set out with such pace,
As shall, and may, I hope, winne grace
With God, with Christ, and all good men
That euer wrote with inke and pen:
The goale I trust to winne at last,
And when I haue it, holde it fast,
Unto the honour of his name,
That gaue me power to winne the same.

The most of these I might reuert
Vpon your selues, which can peruert
Both word and history of times,
To cloke your lewd and open crimes.
But something briefly I will say,
For that which you cast in our way,
As stumblingblocks for euery one
To stumble at, where you make mone.

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[1] It is more than ever he did challenge.
[2] Faith is the gift of God: no man can give it. James i. 17.

Consider well that you, therefore,
Are euen those men whom ye abhore.

Ye are false prophets teaching lies[3];
You weare sheepe's clothing to disguise;
You runne and range not being sent[4],
For which you ought still to repent.
You are those theeues that enter in
To Christ his Church, and neuer lyn;
While you haue stor'd yourselues with good,
And fil'd yourselues like wolues with blood[5].
You enter not by Christ the doore,
But by the pope, the Romish whoore.

You blind men's eies with outward showes,
And say that you are no man's foes:
You fast from flesh to eat good fish,
With fruites and many a costly dish[6].
You pray on beades, and prey on men;
You doe deuoure maids and women.
You seldome preach, and that but lies,
The pope and popelings to suffice:
Your doctrine comes from the pope's schoole.
Where many a wise man proues a foole.

Your doctrine comes not from God's booke,
But you on lyes and legends looke;
On festiuals and liues of saints,
Which you haue made with your owne paints.
God's word you count of little force,
And to the same haue small recorse:
Your people from it you disswade,
Because that, like two-edged blade,
It doth deuide, and eke descry
Man's sinne and popish treachery.

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[3] Matt. vii. 15. [4] Jer. xxiii. 21; John x. 8.
[5] Matt. xxiii. 14; 2 Tim. iii. 6. [6] Matt. xxiii. 25.

Your doctrine is but darnell sure
Vnto this graine, God's word so pure.
What is the chaff vnto the wheat?
What is man's wit to wisdome great?
Your gold is brasse; your siluer tinne;
Your teaching drosse; your deeds but sinne.
Remember what you taught and did,
Before that your bad tricks were spi'd:
Remember persons, time and place,
And so repent and call for grace.

Whereas you charge our liues for bad,
We grieue thereat: we are not glad:
If you did rule, it would be so,
And ten times worse, full well I knowe.
This realme is very populous,
And you, like night-birds, hinder vs.
Christ said, you know, that in each land,
Sinne, it would get the vpper hand[1]:
Let all men striue, therefore, say I,
Against all sinne and popery.

You liue at ease, and as you will;
Like epicures yourselues you fill:
Your belly is your god, indeede[2];
Your puffed cheekes your hands doe feede.
The best of all things in eche land
By slights you got into your hand[3].
Thus did you fast, thus did you prey
On men and women night and day.
A thousand waies your gaines come in
Through Antichrist, that man of sinne.

You would no wiues, for that was ill[4];
But whoores and harlots at your will:

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[1] Matt. xxiv. 12.
[2] Phil. iii. 19.
[3] Amos vi. 1, 2.
[4] 1 Cor. vii. 1, 2.

No woman must come in your sight,
Vnlesse it were some nun by night.
Your common stewes you still maintaine;
For why? they bring the pope much gaine.
When manasteries brake vp here,
Then did your filthinesse appeare:
Thousands of infants' heads were found
In ponds and places, which you drown'd[5].

Like dogges and foxes therefore you[6]
Did lead your liues: it is your due:
Like swine[7], like wolues, like Sathan's brood,
That neuer did God's people good.
Like hypocrites[8] in euery place
You liued, and doe, without God's grace:
You make poore people to beleeue,
That you can all their sinnes forgiue.
It were too long to make relation,
How you and yours deserue damnation.

But where you say that we doe write
Of this our faith, which you despite,
That it was found and did appeare
To be the trueth sixe hundred yeare:
We say, that from Christ his assension
For our fayth was no such contention,
As papists make now at this day,
Nor in that space of yeeres, we say:
But this our faith it euer stood,
Euen since that Abel lost his blood.

On God's sweet word we doe depend[9],
For it shall iudge vs in the end:
It is our wisdome and our ioy,
And man's tradition[10] are a toy.

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[5] See *Synopsis Papismi.*
[6] Cant. ii. 15. 3.
[7] 2 Pet. ii. 22.
[8] Luke xi. 39—42.
[9] John vi. 68; xii. 48.
[10] Matt. xxiii.

Though some things hard doe there appeare,
The rest we read in all the yeare,
And find that it sufficient is
To guide all men to heauenly blisse[1].
What would you more, but that you stand
For popish trash in euery land?

Now where you ask of popery,
When it begun and to sit hie;
I answere will to your demand
Both readily and out of hand.
It bred in the Apostles' time,
And so increaste by many a signe:
Great strife then grew three hundred yeres,
As in Church stories it appeares,
For many things; but chiefly, one—
Who should be supreme head alone[2].

All bishops wrote against this thing:
No emperour would euer bring
Any one bishop to the same,
Till wicked Phocas' time by name:
But he, a wicked murtherer,
Vnto this act was furtherer,
That none might checke him for that deede
Of killing father, mother, and seede.
Thus did proud bishop Boniface,
Third of that name, set in highest place[3].

And now the other bishops three,
That made vp foure of one degree,
Were first made vassal vnto Rome,
From whence all popish trash doth come.
When Boniface was thus aloft,
He play'd his part, and wonders wrought:

[1] Ps. xix. 7; 2 Tim. iii. 15—17.
[2] Read the Acts and Monuments, and other stories.
[3] See Beda, Eusebeius, Jewel, and Foxe's book.

And so did all of Rome beside,
Untill they grew to their full pride;
And were of late unhorst agayne
By Christian kings that them disdayne[4].

The true Church was eclipsed then,
And had in scorne of carnall men:
The prophesies fulfilled were
Of Daniell, who pray'd in feare[5];
And those in Reuelation,
Which God did giue vnto St John[6].
A thousand yeeres this held out so,
That Christ's true flock you could not know,
But by their persecution sharpe,
Which they endur'd with willing hart.

Yet still Christ and his Gospell stood,
In persecution and in blood.
The popes left off to preach and teach,
And after worldly things to reach.
In time they grew so fierce and fell,
That no good man with them could dwell.
They put down kings and princes hie,
Abusing them to slauery.
And what they said or did was lawe:
Thus euery one was kept in awe.

In all your popes true faith did faile,
And hell itselfe did much preuaile[7]:
The salt his sauor lost in them;
Christ was in truth reiected then.
Yea, all his death and glorious passion
Was turn'd into another fashion.
Each pope a new toy did deuise
To blind and bleare the people's eyes:

[4] 2 Tim. iii. 9.
[5] Dan. ix.
[6] Rev. xii.
[7] 2 Thess. ii. 4.

Fooles, apes, and asses still they made
Of God's poore people by this trade[1].

The second question that you make,
I answere will for each man's sake,
That cannot answere readily
Your arguments and sophistry.
Where was our Church, you say, that time?
Where did the beauty of it shine?
Where did our chiefest pastour sit?
Who kept our keyes? who rulde our ship?
You bid vs shew you churches built,
As you can shew those we haue spilt.

To these, in order as they lye,
I will in few words now reply:
Where is the sunne, the moone, the stars,
When cloudes and darknes make them wars?
Doe they not shine still, where they be,
Vnder those cloudes? euen so did we.
Our chiefest pastour, he is Christ;
And he sits in the heauens highest.
He hath the keyes, and guides our ship,
And laughes to scorne our little wit[2].

For churches, first we answere you
By churches of another hiewe:
How many churches hath Christ built,
And you the blood of them haue spilt?
Of other churches that you speake,
God in his iudgement doth them breake,
Euen as he did Hierusalem
For killing of his prophets then;
And as he did the hill-altars
And groues of all idolaters[3].

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[1] See Beacon's booke *Of the Reliques of Rome.*
[2] Isa. ix. 7; Rev. ii. 27; 1 Cor. v. 25; John x. 16; Ps. ii. 9.
[3] Deut. vii. 5; 1 Kings xviii. 4; Luke xiii. 34.

You aske what are become alway
Of all that dyed to this day?
We are no judges in this case;
We leaue them to the throne of grace.
Idolaters may aske you so,
Of those that haue died long agoe:
What answere can you make therein
But this? that God for all their sinne
May iustly damn them if he will,
Or saue, where he likes not to kill.

When Abram was with Tera, he,
His father deare, as children be,
And God cald Abraham away,
What, should he not God's call obay?
Or should he answere as you doe,
"As my friends did, I will doe too?"
But you will say, you be none such,
When yet you vse like things too much
Try by the Scriptures well, and see
Who comes neer'st idoles, you or me.

You aske, how you might find vs out,
To answere things that were in doubt.
I say, that euen as wolues by kinde
The sheep and lambes in field can finde.
So did you find vs to our cost;
Or else how were our liues so lost,
First in the persecutions ten,
And in the rest succeeding them,
In England, Scotland, and in Fraunce,
And euery place you taught that daunce?

But when the day of count shall come,
That you shall answere all, and some;
When Christ, the Master of the sheepe,
Shall reckon vs, as it is meet;

Then from the blood of Abel's time,
Vnto the last of such like crime,
You and the rest shall answere all,
Vnto your sorrowe, griefe, and thrall.
Vnlesse you doe repent with speed,
Your count will fearefull be indeed[1].

Till Luther's time you say that we
Heard not of Christ; but you shall see
That we, not you, haue heard of him,
As onely pardoner of our sinne.
Thrise happy Luther, and the rest,
(Except some faults which we detest;)
And ten times happy euery land,
That hath receiued with strong hand
The Gospell pure of Christ on hie,
And haue put downe all popery!

You aske, Who kept all Scripture then?
Who made our priests, and all church-men?
We answere, that our God of loue
Did saue and keepe it from aboue,
As in the time of Jeremy,
When it was burnt by Jehudy[2];
And as the arke deliuered was
From Philistins, as came to passe[3];
And finally, as God can make
All creatures serue his Church, and quake.

Now for our Churche's ordination,
We know the Scripture's good relation;
And so were made our bishops all,
Our ministers both great and small[4].
Salamon made Sadock he
Priest in Abiathar's room to be:

[1] Luke xi. 47—52; Matt. xxv; Rev. ii. 4—20; iii. 16—19; vi. 9, 10; xx.
[2] Jer. xxxvi. 27.
[3] 1 Sam. v.
[4] Acts xx.; Tit. i. 5.

So that, insteed of popish priests,
Our queen sent ministers for Christ;
And though a time some were but weake,
Yet now a number can well speake.

And when you say, you marvell how
We did receyue such as did vow
Themselues your priests of popish order,
To serue with vs in any border;
My answere is, that you might see
What men of mercy protestants be;
Which would receiue all to saluation,
And not condemne them in your fashion.
You did deuise and striue to keepe
All heere from feeding of our sheepe.

An ordination may be good,
Though some men guilty of soule's blood
Unworthy be in Church to serue,
For punishment that they deserue.
Some things took ill in hand also
At first, may yet in time, we know,
Proue good againe; and so may this:
The churchman's calling is for blisse.
If yours not so, or be not right,
Amend your fault: beare vs no spight.

And to conclude: you bragge and say,
That Austin first did here bewray
The trueth of Christ: but it's not so;
True histories does name vs moe.
But graunt that hee first taught this land:
Were all things good come from his hand?
No, no; he taught much popery,
But not so much as now doth fly.
Simon Zelotes, and Saint Paul,
Are said to teach vs first of all.

Till you these things doe well disproue,
I wish all men in tender loue
To note what I haue sayd herein,
To turne to God, and leaue their sinne;
To trust no popish Jesuite,
Nor yet in masse-priests to delight.
For certainely their hierarchy,
Their kingdome and their policy,
Shall, will, and must of force fall downe,
For Christ abhorres the triple crowne.

This Christ in mercy, therefore, saue
Our queene and vs with that we haue:
Our children and posterity,
And keepe vs from all popery:
His holy gospell graunt vs still,
And frame vs to his holy will;
That we may know and loue the same
Vnto the glory of his name:
Pray, heare, and reade continually,
That from his truth we neuer flye!

AMEN.

XXVIII.

FRANCIS KINWELMERSH.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Reioyce, Reioyce, with hart and voice,
In Christe's byrth this day reioyce.

From Virgin's womb this day did spring
The precious Seede that onely saued man:
This day let man reioyce and sweetly sing,
Since on this day saluation first began.
This day did Christe man's soule from death remooue,
With glorious saintes to dwell in heaven aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace;
This day to man came loue and unitie;
This day man's greefe began for to surcease;
This day did man receaue a remedie
For each offence, and euery deadly sinne,
With giltie hart that erst he wandred in.

In Christe's flock let loue be surely plaste;
From Christe's flock let concord hate expell;
Of Christe's flock let loue be so embraste,
As we in Christe, and Christe in vs may dwell.
Christe is the author of all unitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O sing vnto this glittering glorious King;
O praise his name let euery liuing thing:
Let heart and voice, like belles of siluer, ring
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let lute, let shalme, with sound of sweet delight,
The ioy of Christe's birth this day resight.

FOR WHITSONDAY.

Come, Holy Ghost, Eternall God,
And ease the wofull greefe,
That through the heapes of heauy sinne
Can noewhere find releefe:
Do thou, O God, redresse
The great distresse
Of sinfull heauiness.

Come, comfort the afflicted thoughtes
Of my consumed heart:
O rid the pearcing pricking paines
Of my tormenting smart.
O Holy Ghost, graunt me
That I by thee
From sinne may purged be.

Thou art my God: to thee alone
I will commend my cause:
Nor glittering golde, nor precious stone,
Shall make me leaue thy lawes.
O teach me then the way
Whereby I may
Make thee my onely stay.

My lippes, my tung, my heart, and all,
Shall spread thy mightie name:
My voice shall neuer cease to sound
The praises of the same.
Yea, euerie liuing thing
Shall sweetly sing
To thee, O heauenlie King.

ALL THINGS ARE VAINE.

ALTHOUGH the purple morning bragges
In brightnes of the sunne,
As though he had of chased night
A glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day gives place againe
To force of drousie night;
And euerie creature is constrainde
To change his lustie plight.
Of pleasures all that here we taste,
We feele the contrarie at last.

In Spryng though pleasant Zephirus
Hath frutefull earth inspired,
And nature hath ech bush, ech branch,
With blossomes braue attired:
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and bloomes,
Full quickly withered be,
When stormy Winter comes to kill
The Sommer's jollitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

Although the seas so calmely glide,
As daungers none appeare,
And dout of stormes in skie is none,
King Phœbus shines so cleere:
Yet when the boystrous windes breake out,
And raging waues do swell,
The seely barke now heaues to heauen,
Now sinckes againe to hell.
Thus change in euerie thing we see,
And nothing constant seemes to bee.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth,
Of wealth is most vnsure;
And he that cheefely tastes of ioy,
Doo sometime woe indure:
Who vaunteth most of numbred freendes,
Forgoe them all he must:
The fairest flesh and liuelest bloud
Is turn'd at length to dust.
Experience giues a certain ground,
That certaine here is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines,
The blisse of heauens aboue;
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Storme,
Is able to remoue.
Trust to that sure celestiall rocke,
That restes in glorious throne;
That hath been, is, and must be stil
Our anker-holde alone.
The world is all a vanitie;
In heauen seeke we our suretie.

XXIX.

RICHARD EDWARDES.

OF PERFECT WISEDOME.

Whoso will be accounted wise,
And truly claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes
He must atchiue the same.
But few there be that seeke thereby
True wisdome to attaine:
O God, so rule our hearts therefore,
Such fondnesse to refraine.

The wisedome which we most esteeme
In this thing dooth consist;
With glorious talke to showe in wordes
Our wisedome when we list.
Yet not in talke, but seemely deedes,
Our wisedome we should place:
To speake so faire, and doo but ill,
Dooth wisedome quite disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shunne the losse,
A wisedome counted is,
And thereby through the greedy coyne
No hope of grace to misse.
To seeke by honour to aduance
His name to brittle praise,
Is wisedome which we dayly see
Increaseth in our daies.

But heauenly wisedome sower seemes,
Too hard for them to win;

And weary of the sute they seeme
When they do once begin.
It teacheth vs to frame our life,
While vitall breath we haue;
When it dissolueth earthly masse
The soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes
From sliding into vice,
A wisedome is which we neglect,
Although of greater price.
A point of wisedome also this
We commonly esteeme—
That euery man should be indeede
That he desires to seeme.

To bridle that desire of gaine
Which forceth vs to ill,
Our haughtie stomackes, Lord, represse,
To tame presuming will.
This is the wisedome that we should
Aboue each thing desire:
O heauenly God, from sacred throne
That grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant harts
The rules of wisedome true,
That all our deeds in worldly life
May like thereof insue.
Thou onely art the liuing spring
From whom this wisedome flowes:
O wash therwith our sinfull harts
From vice that therein growes.

XXX.

ARTHUR BOURCHER.

GOLDEN PRECEPTS.

PERHAPS you thinke me bolde
That dare presume to teach,
As one that runs beyonde his race,
And rowes beyond his reach.
Sometime the blinde doo goe
Where perfect sights do fall;
The simple may sometimes instruct
The wisest heads of all.

If needfull notes I giue
That vnto vertue tend,
Methinkes you should of right vouchsafe
Your listning eares to lend.
A whetstone cannot cut,
Yet sharpes it wel, we see;
And I, though blunt, may whet your wit,
If you attentiue be.

First, these among the rest,
I wish you warely heede,
That God be serued, your prince obayed,
And freendes releeu'd at neede:
Then looke to honest thrift,
Both what and how to haue:
At night examine so the day,
That bed be thought a graue.

Seeke not for other's goods,
Be iust in woord and deede;
For "got with shifts" are spent with shame—
Beleeue this as thy creede.
Boast not of nature's gifts,
Nor yet of parent's name;
For vertue is the onely meane
To win a woorthie fame.

Ere thou doost promise make,
Consider well the end;
But promise past be sure thou keepe
Both with thy foe and freende.
Threat nor reuenge too much—
It shewes a crauen's kinde;
But to preuaile, and then forgiue,
Declares a noble minde.

Forget not friendship's debt;
Wish to requite at least;
For God and man, yea, all the world,
Condemnes the vngratefull beast.
Beare not a friendly face
With harte of Judas kisse:
It shewes a base and vile conceit,
And not where valure is.

* * * * * * *

The motions of the flesh
And choler's heate restraine;
For heapes of harmes doo daily hap,
Where lust or rage dooth raigne.
In diet, deed, and wordes,
A modest meane is best:
Enough sufficeth for a feast,
But riot findes no rest.

XXXI.

D. SAND.

THINKE TO DIE.

The life is long which lothsomely dooth last,
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to their date;
The present pangues, and painefull plagues fore-
past,
Yeeldes greef aye greene, to stablish this estate:
So that I feele in this great storme and strife
That death is sweet that shorteneth such a life.

And by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
At which conflict in thraldome I was thrust,
The Lord be praised, I am well taught to knowe
From whence man came, and eke wherto he must:
And by the way vpon how feeble force
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his
course.

The pleasant yeares that seemes so swiftly runne,
The merrie daies to ende so fast that fleete,
The ioyfull nightes of which dayes drawes so soone,
The happie howres which more doo misse than
meete,
Doo all consume as snow against the sunne,
And death makes ende of all that life begunne.

Since death shall dure till all the worlds be waste,
What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
As man might make that life should alwaies last
Without regarde, the Lord hath led before

The daunce of death, which all must runne on row—
The howre wherein, onely himselfe doth knowe.

If man would minde what burdens life doth bring;
What greeuous crimes to God he doth commit;
What plagues, what pangues, what perill thereby spring,
With no sure howre in all his daies to sit;
He would sure thinke, as with great cause I doo,
The day of death is happier of the two.

Death is the doore whereby we draw to ioy;
Life is the lack that drowneth all in paine;
Death is so dole, it seaseth all annoy;
Life is so lewd, that all it yeeldes is vaine:
And as by life in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by death is freedome likewise wrought.

Wherefore with Paule let all men wish and pray
To be dissolued of this foule fleshly masse;
Or at the least be arm'd against the day,
That they be found good soldiers; prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And such a life as euer shall remaine.

OUR PLEASURES ARE VANITIES.

Behold the blast which blowes
The blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof consumes
And comes to nought, we see.
Ere thou therefore be blowen
From life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call
For time mispent and past.

Haue mind on brittle life,
Whose pleasures are but vayne;
On death likewyse bethinke,
How thou maiest not remaine.
And feare thy Lord to greeue,
Which sought thy soule to saue;
To synne no more be bent,
But mercie aske and haue.

For death, who dooth not spare
The kinges on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee
Thy pleasure, life, and will.
That lyfe which yet remaynes,
And in thy brest appeares,
Hath sowne in thee sutch seedes,
You ought to weede with teares.

And life that shall succeede,
When death is worne and past,
Shall spring for euer then
In ioy or paine to last.
Where death on life hath power,
Ye see that life also
Hath mowen the fruites of death,
Which neuer more shall growe.

XXXII.

LORD VAUX.

ON THE INSTABILITIE OF YOUTH.

When I looke back, and in myselfe behold
The wandring waies that youth could not deserv,
And marke the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in minde ech step youth strayed awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these faultes and follies all.

For now I see how voide youth is of skill,
I also see his prime-time and his end;
I doo confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend;
And with a minde repentant of all crimes
Pardon I aske for youth ten thousand times.

The humble hart hath daunted the proud minde;
Eke wisdome hath giuen ignorance a fall;
And wit hath taught that folly could not finde;
And age hath youth her subiect and her thrall:
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and trueth,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou, that didst graunt the wise king his request;
Thou, that in whale the prophet didst preserue;
Thou, that forgauest the woundings of thy brest;
Thou, that didst saue the theefe in state to sterue;
Thou, onely God, the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of minde the path of youthe's vaine race.

Thou, that to life by power didst raise the dead;
Thou, that restordst the blind to perfect sight;
Thou, that for loue thy life and loue outblead;
Thou, that of fauour madest the lame go right;
Thou, that canst heale and helpe in all assayes,
Forgiue the guilt that grew in youth's vaine waies.

And now, since I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,
Do flie to Thee, by praier to appease thy ire;
And since that Thee I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attaine my just desire;
Lord, minde no more youth's errour and unskill,
And able age to doo thy holy will.

BETHINCKING HIMSELFE OF HIS END, WRITETH THUS.

When I behold the baier,
My last and posting horse,
That bare shall to the grave
My vile and carren corse;
Then say I, Seely wretche,
Why doest thou put thy trust
In things eiche made of clay,
That soone will turn to dust?

Doest thou not see the yong,
The hardy and the fayre,
That now are past and gone
As though they never were?
Doest thou not see thyselfe
Draw howerly to thy last,
As shaftes which that is shotte
At byrdes that flieth fast?

Doest thou not see how death
Through smyteth with his launce,
Some by warre, some by plague,
And some by worldly chaunce?
What thing is there on earth,
For pleasure that was made,
But goeth more swift away
Than doth the sommer shade?

Loe here the sommer-flower,
That sprong this other day,
But wynter weareth as fast,
And bloweth cleane away:
Euen so shalt thou consume
From youth to lothsome age;
For death he doth not spare
The prince more than the page.

Thy house shall be of clay,
A clotte under thy head,
Untill the latter day
The grave shall be thy bed;
Untill the blowing tromp
Doth say to all and some,
"Rise up out of your graue,
For now the Judge is come."

XXXIII.

RICHARD HILL.

A FREENDLY ADMONITION.

Ye stately wights, that liue in quiet rest
Through worldly wealth which God hath giuen to you,
Lament with teares and sighes from dolefull brest
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now:
Behold how God dooth daylie proffer grace,
Yet we disdaine repentance to imbrace.

The suddes of sinne doo soke into the minde,
And cancred vice dooth vertue quite expell;
No change to good, alas! can resting finde,
Our wicked hartes so stoutly do rebell.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his daylie threats downe send.

We are so slow to change our blamefull life;
We are so prest to snatch a luring vice;
Such greedy hartes on euerie side be rife;
So few that guide their will by counsell wise,
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for vndeserued grace.

You worldly wights, that haue your fancies fixt
On slipper ioy of terraine pleasures here;
Let some remorse in all your deeds be mixt;
Whiles you haue time, let some redresse appeare.
Of sodaine death the hower you shall not know;
And looke for death, although it seemeth slow.

Oh, be no iudge in other men's offence,
But purge thyselfe and seek to make thee free:
Let euerie one apply his diligence,
A chaunge to good within himselfe to see.
O God, direct our feete in such a stay,
From canckred vice to shun the hatefull way.

XXXIV.

T. BASTARD.

DE MICROCOSMO.

Man is a little world, and bears the face
And picture of the vniuersitie:
All but resembleth God, all but his glasse,
All but the picture of his maiestie:
Man is the little world, (so we him call,)
The world the little god, God the Great All.

AD IOHANNEM WHITEGIFT, ARCH. CANT.

Whitegift, whom gratious honour entertaines,
Welcome as to the yeare the gladsome May;
Welcome as is the morning to the day;
Welcome as sleepe vnto the weary swaynes:
The fayre Elisa white with heauenly praises
The God's white church adorned doth set forth,
The all white meaning and excellent worth:
The vertue white aboue all honour raises.
Yet let my pen present this little storie
Vnto the endlesse volume of thy glorie.

XXXV.

G. GASKE.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLDE.

What is the worlde? A net to snare the soule;
A masse of sinne; a desert of deceipt;
A moment's ioy; an age of wretched dole;
A lure from grace; for flesh a lothsome baite;
Unto the minde a canker-worme of care,
Unsure, vniust, in rendring man his share:

A place where pride orerunnes the honest minde;
Where rich men ioynes to rob the shiftlesse wretch;
Where bribing mistes doo blinde the judges' eyen;
Where parasites the fattest crummes doo catch;
Where good deserts, which chalenge like reward,
Are ouerblowne with blastes of light regard.

And what is man? Dust; slime; a pufe of winde;
Conceiud in sinne, plaste in the world with griefe;
Brought vp with care, till care hath caught his minde,
And then, till death vouchesafe him some reliefe,
Day, yea, nor night, his care doth take no end,
To gather goodes for other men to spend.

Oh foolish man, that art in office plaste,
Thinke whence thou camst and whether thou shalt goe!
The hautie okes small winds haue ouercast,
When slender weedes in roughest weather growe.
Euen so pale death oft spares the wretched wight,
And woundeth you who wallowe in delight.

* * * * *

XXXVI.

CANDISH.

NO IOY COMPARABLE TO A QUIET MINDE.

In loothsome race, pursued by slipperie life,
Whose sugred guile with glittering ioy present,
The carefull ghoast, oppressed sore with strife,
Yeeldes ghastly grones from painefull passions sent.
The sinfull flesh, that beares him here in viewe,
Insteed of life dooth dreadful death pursue.

The way he seeth by touch of merit's grace,
Wherein to runne, alas! he gladly would;
But filthy flesh, his wretched dwelling-place,
Dooth so rebell at that which doo he should,
That sillie soule, who feeles his heauie need,
Can onely will, but nought performe in deed.

The will through grace doth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine; for that the fleshly foe
Yeeldes forth such fruites as sinnes hath bred in bud,
And blindly suckes the sap of deadly woe;
Esteeming shewes of fickle fancies knowne,
And scorning fruite by grace eternall sowne.

Though eye doth see that death doth swallow all,
Both life and lust, and euerie sound delight;
Yet wretched flesh through sinne is made so thrall,
That nought it markes apparent thinges in sight,
That might him traine to care of better grace—
Both doth his bale with greedy lust imbrace.

Then since desert, and all thinges weare away,
That nought remaine but fruite of grace or sinne;
God build in vs such conscience as can say,
This fruite's not mine, but sinne that dwell me in.
For why? to sinne I dayly doo in sight,
That vnto Christ I may reuiue my spright.

XXXVII.

WILLIAM BVTTES.

DEATH CERTAIN.

When man is sicke, then doth he seeke
His sicknesse to eschew:
When health is got, God is forgot,
And griefes do grow anew.

In wealth we wallow wickedly,
Forgetting God most wretchedly;
In woe we waile, flesh is so fraile,
That nought is life but miserie.

Long though we liue, strong though we be,
Though stomack do not faile,
Lose yet we must life, and to dust;
To this port must we saile.

Life is a leafe, death comes aloofe,
Common to me with all:
Life is a blast, age comes at last,
Then death to great and small.

In God therefore, leauing the world,
See that you fit your ioy;
In death seek life, that dying once
Auoide you may annoy.

XXXVIII.

ANONYMOUS.

VIRTUE IMMOVEABLE.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twaine;
The marble stone is pearst at length
With littel drops of drizzling raine;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer-stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping houndes at bay is set;
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will
All thinges are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length and fall away:
There nothing is, but Time doth waste;
The heauens, the earthe, consume at last.

But Vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

DEATH A DUE DEBT.

To die, Dame Nature man did frame;
Death is a thing most perfect sure:
We ought not nature's workes to blame,
Shee made nothing still to endure.
That lawe shee made, when we were borne,
That hence we should retourne againe:
To render right we must not scorne;
Death is due debt, it is no paine.

The civill lawe doth bidde restore
That thou hast taken up of trust:
Thy life is lent; thou must therfore
Repay, except thou be uniust.
This life is like a poynted race,
To the ende whereof when man hath trode,
He must returne to former place,
He may not still remaine abrode.

Death hath in the earth a right;
His power is great, it stretcheth farre:
No lord, no prince can scape his might;
No creature can his duetie barre.
The wise, the iust, the strong, the hie,
The chaste, the meeke, the free of hart,
The rich, the poore, (who can denie?)
Haue yeelded all unto his dart.

* * * * *

Seeing no man then can death escape,
Nor hire him hence for any gaine;
We ought not feare his carraine shape;
He onely brings evell men to paine.
If thou haue ledde thy life aright,
Death is the ende of miserie:
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternallie.

Eache wight therefore, while he liues heere,
Let him thinke on his dying day:
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheere,
Let him accompt he must away.
This thought makes man to God a frend,
This thought doth banish pride and sinne;
This thought doth bring a man in th'end,
Where he of Death the field shall win.

XXXIX.

WILLIAM SAMUEL.

THE XIX. PSALME.

To the intent the mighty power
Of God might well be waid,
The heauens and might of light aboue,
By them he is displaid.

Besides all this, his sacred word,
And law that is so pure,
He dooth set out as perfect guide
To walke thereby ful sure.

THE VII. CHAPTER OF JOB.

Go on our dayes we doo on earth
As shadowes, or as clouds,
And sudenly we leaue behinde
Our emptie framed shrouds.

Both night and day they haue their toyl
With work and dreames itost:
Wherefore, if God did not vs keep,
So were we surely lost.

XL.

T. MARSHAL.

BEING IN TROUBLE, HE WRITETH THUS.

In terrour's trapp with thraldome thrust,
Their thornie thoughts to cast and trie,
In conscience cleare from case uniust,
With carpyng cares did call and crie,
And saied, O God, yet thou art he
That can and will deliuer me!

Thus tremblyng there with teares I trodd,
To totter tide in truthe's defence:
With sighes and sobbs I saied, O God,
Let right not have this recompence;
Lest that my foes might laugh to see,
That thou wouldest not deliuer me.

My soule then to repentaunce ranne,
My ragged clothes berent and torne,
And did bewaile the losse it wanne
With lothsome life so long forlorne;
And saied, O God, yet thou art he
That can and will deliuer me!

Then comfort came with clothes of ioye,
Whose semes were faithfull stedfastnesse;
And did bedecke that naked boye,
Which erst was full of wretchednesse;
And saied, Be glad, for God is he
That shortly will deliuer thee.

XLI.

M. THORN.

THE WORLD VANITY.

Who shall profoundly way or scan
The assured state of man,
Shall well perceiue by reason than,
That where is no stabilitie,
Remaineth nought but vanitie.

For what estate is there, think ye,
Throughly content with his degre?
Wherby we maie right clerely see
That in this vale of miserie
Remaineth nought but vanitie.

The great men wishe the meane estate,
Meane men again their state doe hate;
Old men thinke children fortunate,
A boy a man would fainest be:
Thus wandreth man in vanitie.

The countrey man doth daily swell
With great desire in court to dwel;
The courtier thinks hym nothyng well,
Till he from court in countrey be,
He wandreth so in vanitie.

* * * * * * *

If thou haue lands or goods great store,
Consider thou thy charge the more,
Since thou must make account therefore:
Thei are not thine, but lent to thee,
And yet thei are but vanitie.

If thou be strong or faire of face,
Sicknes or age doth both disgrace;
Then be not proude in any case:
For how can there more folly be,
Then for to bost of vanitie?

Now finally, be not infect
With worldly cares; but haue respect
How God rewardeth his true electe
With glorious felicitie,
Free from all worldly vanitie.

XLII.

THOMAS SCOTT.

TO ART.

O ART, not much vnlike the fowler's glasse,
Wherein thy silly soule delights to looke
For nouelties, vntill the net doth passe
Aboue hir head, and she vnwares be tooke:
Thou common curtizan, thou bawd to sin,
Painted without, but leporous within.

Thou art a companion for all company;
A garment made for euery one to weare;
A golden coffer wherein hurt doth lie;
A hackney horse all sortes of men to beare:
What art thou not? Faith, thou art nought at all;
For he that knowes thee best, knowes nought at all.

XLIII.

WALTER DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

THE COMPLAINT OF A SYNNER.

O Heauenly God! O Father dere!
Cast doune thy tender eye
Upon a wretche, that prostrate here
Before thy trone doeth lye.

O powre thy precious oyle of grace
Into my wounded harte:
O let the dropps of mercie swage
The rigour of my smarte.

My fainting soule, suppressed sore
With carefull clogge of sinne,
In humble sort submitts itself
Thy mercie for to winne.

Graunt mercie then, O Saviour swete,
To me moste wofull thrall,
Whose mornfull crie to thee, O Lorde,
Doeth still for mercie call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised
Vpon a stubborne minde,
And to the swaie of worldly thyngs
Myself I haue enclinde.

Forgettyng heauen and heauenly powers,
Where God and saincts do dwel,
My life had likt to tread the path
That leads the waie to hell.

But nowe, my Lorde, my lodestarre bright,
I will no more doe so:
To thinke vpon my former life
My harte doeth melt for woe.

Alas! I sigh, alas! I sobbe,
Alas! I doe repent,
That euer my licencious will
So wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore with yernfull plain
I doe thy mercie craue,
O Lorde, for thy great mercies' sake
Let me thy mercie haue.

Restore to life the wretched soule
That els is like to dye;
So shall my voyce vnto thy name
Syng praise eternally.

Now blessed be the Father first,
And blessed be the Sonne;
And blessed be the Holie Ghoste,
By whom all thyngs are doen.

Blesse me, O blessed Trinitie,
With thy eternall grace,
That after death my soule maie haue
In heauen a dwellyng-place.

XLIV.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

PSALM XIII.

Lord, how long, how long wilt thou
  Quight forget, and quight neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
  Wilt thou from thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seeke a way
  Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my griev'd mind, night and day,
  Is with thinking tried and vexed?

How long shall my scornful foe
  (On my fall his greatness placing)
Build upon my overthrowe,
  And be grac'd by my disgracing?

Heare, O Lord and God, my cries;
  Mark my foe's unjust abusing;
And illuminate mine eies,
  Heavenly beams in them infusing:

Lest my woes, too great to beare,
  And too infinite to nomber,
Rocke me soone, 'twixt hope and fear,
  Into Death's eternal slomber:

Lest my foes their boasting make,
  "Spight of right on him we trample;"
And in pride of mischief take,
  Heartned by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At thy mercies' sacred anchor,
And undaunted will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These blacke clowdes will overflowe,
Sun-shine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dull'd heart, I knowe,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoyce, and sing
Hymnes to God in sacred measure,
Who to happie passe will bring
My just hopes, at his good pleasure!

PSALME XXIII.

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd kind and heedful,—
Is my shepherd, and doth keepe
Me his sheepe
Still supplied with all things needfull.

He feedes me in fieldes which beene
Fresh and greene,
Mottled with Spring's flowry painting;
Through which creepe with murmuring crookes
Christall brookes,
To refresh my spirit's fainting.

When my soule from heauen's way
Went astray,
With earthe's vanities seduced,
For his name sake kindly he
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

Yea, should I stray throughe deathe's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me;
Dreadles, hauing thee for guide,
Should I bide,
For thy rod and staff vpholde me.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowles full of wine thou powrest.
And before myne enemies'
Enuious eies
Balme vpon my head thou showerest.

Neither dures thy bounteous grace
For a space;
But it knowes nor bound nor measure.
So my daies to my liue's end
I shall spend
In thy courtes with heauenly pleasure.

PSALME XLIII.

I APPEALE, oh God! to thee;
Oh, give sentence, Lord, with me,
And defend my helples cause
'Gainst such men as hate thy lawes:
Oh deliuer me from those
That deceitfully can gloze.

For thou art the God of whom
All my strength and help doth come:
Why, oh why hast thou from thee
So estrang'd and parted me?
And why doth my pace, so slowe,
Me deiected, heartles, showe,
While insulting enemies
Prest me with their iniuries?

Oh send out thy truth and light
To instruct and lead me right,
To conduct me to thy hill
And thy dwelling, holy still.

Then vnto thyne altar I
With oblations will hye,
Offring these to thee, who art
Joy and gladnes to my heart;
And vpon my harp will sing
Praise to thee, O God my King!

O my soule, oh, why art thou
So cast downe? so heauy now?
And why art thou in my breast
So disturbed of thy rest?
Wayt on God, be patient,
And in him be confident.
Yet I will remaine the same,
To give thankes to his great name;
For he is my God of might,
Who my countenance setts right.

PSALME LXXIII.

Calme thy tempestuous thoughts, my mind!
Leaue mutyniing, and rest secure,
That God, being goodness selfe, is kind,
And kind will still endure
To them whose heartes are pure.

Without the staff of heauenly grace,
How prone to fall is feeble man!
My feet tript in my heedles race,
And so to slide began,
As I could hardly stand;

When I saw fooles advaunc'd so high,
And dazzling height did make them mad,

And grieving saw with envious eie,
That they who were most bad
Most happy fortunes had.

For their lives' thrid so well is spun,
And with good fortunes so well wound,
As lives' and fortunes' web doth run
From end to end so sound
As knot nor brack is found.

From sweatting toyle, and eating care,
The wreck of bodie, rack of mind
Of other mortalls, free they are:
A priveledge they find,
Of woe to tast no kind.

PSALME LXXXVI.

To myne humble supplication,
Lord, give eare and acceptation:
Heare me now so weake, so poore,
That, ah! I can beare no more.

Save my soule which thou didst cherish
Vntill now, now like to perish;
Save thy seruant, that hath none
Help nor hope but thee alone.

After thy sweet wonted fashion,
Shower downe mercie and compassion
On me, sinfull wretch, that crie
Vnto thee vncessantly.

Send, oh send relieuing gladnes
To my soule opprest with sadnes;
Which, from clog of earth set free,
Wing'd with zeale flyes vp to thee:

To thee, rich in mercies' treasure,
And in goodnes without measure,

Neuer fayling help to those
Who on thy sure help repose.

Let thine eares, which long haue tarried
Barred up, be now vnbarred,
That my cries may entraunce gayne,
And being entred, grace obtayne.

As I haue, so will I ever,
In my stormy times perséver
Vnto thee to pray and crie,
For thou hear'st me instantly:

No God els is comparable
Vnto thee; none els is able
Once to counterfeyt but one
Of the workes which thou hast done.

Nations all thy hands did fashion;
And of this round globe each nation
With bow'd knees shall come before
Thee, and thy great name adore.

For, thou darter of dread thunders,
Thou art great, and workest wonders:
Other gods are wood and stone,
Thou the living God alone.

Heauenly tutor, of thy kindnes,
Teach my dulnes, guid my blindnes,
That my steps thy pathes may tread,
Which to endles blisse doe lead.

In knotts, to be loosed never,
Knitt my heart to thee for ever,
That I to thy name may beare
Fearfull loue and louing feare.

Lord, my God, thou shalt be praised,
With my heart to heauen raised;
And whilst I haue breath to liue,
Thancks to thee my breath shall giue.

For when justice I deserued,
Thy sweet mercie me preserued,
Rescuing me from death's sharp clawes,
And the grave's all-swallowing jawes.

Mightie men, with mallice endles,
Band against me, helples, friendles;
Vsing, without feare of thee,
Force and fraud to ruyne me.

But thy might their mallice passes,
And thy grace thy might surpasses:
Swift to mercie, slow to wrath,
Bound nor end thy goodnes hath.

Thy kind looke no more deny me,
But with eies of mercie eie me:
Oh give me, thy slave, at length
Easing aid, or bearing strength.

And some gratious token show me,
That my foes, that watch to orethrow me,
May be sham'd and vex'd to see
Thee to help and comfort me.

PSALME CXXIII.

With miserie enclos'd,
By all the world oppos'd,
To thee I lift mine eie,
Oh thou that dwell'st on high;
Assur'd that thou wilt heare,
And me, deiected, cheere.

Lo! as a seruant's eie
Still lookes regardfully
Vpon his master's hand,
For gyftes, more than command;
And as a hand-maid still
Attends her mistris' will;

So we, with sorrow fraight,
Ne'er sunck, vpon thee waite;
Our hopefull eie and heart,
Fix'd on thee neuer start,
Till thou, for thine owne sake,
Some pittie on vs take.

Oh Lord! we doe resort
To thee, our safest port:
With help compassionate
Our healthles, hopeles state;
For we, and we alone,
Are scornd and trampled on.

Our soules are fill'd with vaunts,
And with reproachfull taunts,
From them that wealthie be,
And hate both vs and thee;
And with derisions
From prowd and mightie ones.

PSALME CXXV.

They that their faithe's foundation lay
On God the Lord, vnmou'd shall stand,
Like Sion's hill, which by Time's hand
Can neuer be brought to decay.

As mountaines great on euery side
Engirdle faire Jerusalem,
So will the Lord be vnto them
That pure and vpright doe abide.

For though it sometimes pleaseth God
T' afflict the righteous, he will not
Let it be evermore their lot
To be scourg'd with th' vngodlie's rod;

Lest they should to iniquitie
Their owne unguiltie hands extend.

Lord, vpon them thy blessings send
That loue truth in integritie:

But such as crooked bypaths tread,
Leauing the straight to goe astray,
With wicked men shall goe the way,
Whose tract shall to destruction lead.

But happie peace, joy-bringing peace
And plentie shall for euer dwell
With God's owne chosen Israëll;
Whose joyes I pray may neuer cease.

PSALME CXXX.

From deepe gulphes of misfortune,
Orewhelm'd with miseries,
Lord, I thine aid importune
With neuer-ceasing cries.

Oh heare my lamentation,
Oh view my restles teares,
And to my supplication
Bow downe attentiue eares.

My manifold abuses
If thou behold in ire,
Lord, I haue no excuses
To 'scape eternall fire.

But since with true contrition
My sins I wayle and blame,
Lord, saue me from perdition,
To feare and praise thy name.

Lord, thou art all my comfort,
My soule's sure prop and sheild;
My hopes in my discomfort
Still on thy word I build.

My soule, base earth despising,
More longs with God to be,
Than rosie morning's rising
Tyr'd watchmen watch to see.

Lay thy hope's sure foundation
On God, O Israëll;
On God, in whom saluation
And boundles mercie dwell.

The leaprous spots that stayn thee
He then will purifie;
Syn's fetters, that enchayn thee,
He gently will vntie.

PSALME CXXXII.

What is so sweete, so amiable,
As brother's love vnfeyn'd?
Whose hearts in bands inviolable
Of concord are enchayn'd?

Its like vnto that pretious oyntment
Whose odour far did spread,
Vs'd to embalme, by God's appoyntment,
The high priest Aron's head:
Whence in a fragrant shower descending,
It deaw'd his beard and face;
Then to his robes his sweetnes lending,
About his skirts did trace.

Or to the deawe wherewith gray morning
Empearles mount Hermon's head,
His greenes with peckled flowers adorning,
Artlessly diap'red;
From Hermon to mount Sion powring
His fertill riuolets,
And all engreening and enflowering
Those pleasant mountaynets.

Where this love-knot remaines vnbroken,
God heapes of blisse doth send;
Yea, heauenly blisse it doth betoken,
Exempt from change or end.

PSALME CXXXVII.

By Euphrates' flowry side
We did bide,
From deare Judah far absented,
Tearing th' aire with mournful cries,
And our eies
With their streames the streame augmented:
When poore Sion's doleful state,
Desolate,
Sacked, burned, and enthralled,
And thy temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthles mindes we called.

Our mute harpes, vntun'd, vnstrung,
Vp we hoong
On greene willowes neare beside vs,
When, we sitting so forlorne,
Thus in scorne
Our prowd spoilers 'gan deride vs:—

Come, sad captives, leaue your groans,
And your moanes
Vnder Sion's ruynes bury;
To your harps sing vs some layes
In the praise
Of our God, and let's be merry.

Can, ah! can we leaue our groanes,
And our moanes
Vnder Sion's ruynes bury?

Can we in this land sing laies
To the praise
Of our God, and here be merry?

No, deare Salem! if I faile
To bewaile
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiffe and nombe,
To touch warbling harp vnable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill;
Let it still
To my parched rooffe be glewed,
If in either harpe or voice
I rejoyce,
Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

Lord, plague Edom's traitrous kind;
Beare in mind
In our ruyne how they revell'd:
Kill, sack, burne! they cride out still,
Sack, burne, kill;
Downe with all, let all be levelled!

And thou, Babel, when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a flowing, falls to turning,
Victor now, shalt then be thrall,
And shalt fall
To as lowe an ebb of mourning.

Happie man, who shall thee wast
As thou hast
Vs without all mercie wasted,
And shall make thee tast and see
What by thee,
Wee, poor wee, haue seene and tasted!

Happie, who thy tender barnes
From the armes
Of their wayling mothers tearing,
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
Rutheles stones
With their braynes and blood besmearing.

PSALME CXLII.

With sobbing voice, with drowned eies,
With ioyned hands raised to the skies,
With humble soule, and bended knee,
I crie, O Lord, I pray to thee.

As my dym eies a bryney showre
Of teares into my bosome powre,
So I into thy sacred eares
Poure out my heart, vnload my feares.

Though dangers, me besieging round,
My mazed senses quight confound,
Thou canst giue me a thrid, wherby
I from this labourinth may fly.

My harmeles feete can walke no way,
But priuy snares my foes fore-lay:
And looking round about for aid,
My frends to know me are afraid.

No humane succour now is left
To me, of help and hope bereft:
My life is sought by many a one,
But, ah! protected is by none.

To thee, O Lord, my cries I send,
My certaine hope, my surest frend;
I haue, in this false worlde's wide scope,
None other helpe, none other hope.

Oh heare my cries; for faint I grow,
Opprest with endles waight of woe:
Me from my persecutors free,
Too great, too strong, for poore weake me.

Bring me from out this hell-black caue,
My prison, nay, my liuing graue;
Whose rocks and rocky-hearted foes
My flight on euery side enclose.

So shall my thankful mouth alwaies
Powre fourth a fountaine of thy praise;
And this thine aid shall teach the just
On thee, their rock, to build their trust.

XLV.

CHRISTOPHER DAVISON.

PSALME XV.

Domine, quis habitabit.

Lord, in thy house who shall for ever bide ?
To whom shall rest in sacred mount betide ?
Ev'n unto him that leades a life vnstained,
Doth good, and speakes the truth from heart vnfayned :

Who with his tongue deceipt hath never vsed,
Nor neighbour hurt, nor slaundered, nor accus'd :
Who, loving good men, is from bad estranged ;
Who keepes his word (though to his losse) vnchanged.

To vsvrie who hath no money lent,
Nor taken bribes against the innocent.
Who in this course doth constantly persever,
In holy hill unmou'd shall dwell for ever.

XLVI.

JOSEPH BRYAN.

PSALME LIV.

O God, from them that grudge me
  Preserue me by thy name;
And by thy power iudge me,
  And put my foes to shame.

Oh heare my supplication,
  For I am poore and weake;
Heare, heare with acceptation
  The teare-dew'd words I speake.

For strangers haue insulted
  In pride on my poore state;
Fell tyrants haue consulted
  My soule to ruynate.

Those tyrants haue not placed
  Thy feare before their face,
But would haue me defaced—
  Me, me, that thee embrace.

Behold, yee godly-liuers,
  God help to me doth send,
And to my succour-giuers
  Is an assisting friend.

With plagues he shall repay them
  That causeles are my foes:
O cut them off and slay them;
  Thy truth is my repose.

My fatlings then I'll tender,
And offrings to thee make,
And praise to thee I'll render
For thy great mercies' sake.
Thou hast freed me from troble,
And my long teare-fraught eies
Haue seene thy plagues redoble
Vpon mine enemies.

PSALME CXXVII.

Except the Lord himselfe will daigne
To buyld the house, the work to guide,
The builder's labour is in vaine;
Like Babell's builders' haughtie pride.
Nor watch, nor guard, nor centinell,
Can batteld, scourg'd, fenced townes defend.
Vnles the God of Israël
Doo guard and guide, and his help send.
It is not early rising vp,
Nor going very late to bed,
Nor drinking of a strengthles cup,
Nor sweatting, eating carefull bread,
That aught availes: 'tis all in vaine;
Carking is naught worth approu'd;
But God giues rest, and without paine
All needful things to his belou'd.
Children, the staff and crowne of age,
Is sure for to succeed their sires,—
Are the Almightie's heritage,
Wherewith he crownes his saints' desires.
As shafts are in an archer's hand,
Who drawes a stiff-bent synnowy bow;
Euen so are children in thy hand,
Which vp in strength and vertue grow:

Straight, shaft-like sprowts in shape and mind,
Strong but to vertue, not to vice,
Straight bent to glorious deeds by kind,
And to no braue acheiuements nice.

O happie sire, whose aged wings
Are ympt with plumes of this airount!
He neede not feare the face of kings,
But eagle-like his fame shall mount.

PSALME CXLII.

From out the depth of miserie I crie,
To thee, O Lord, and that most earnestlye;
Praiers intermixed with sighes and teares
My soule sends vp into thine eares;
I pour out all my moane
Before thee, thee alone,
And for reliefe
Shew thee my griefe.

Lord, when my troubled spirit could not rest
For anguish of my mind, thou knewest best
What way to help me, and didst see
A path, through all, to set me free.
Thy foes and mine doe lay
Snares for me in my way,
And privilie
In ambush lie.

I look'd on euerie side, but I could see
None that would know, and much lesse succour me;
My frends revolted totally,
On whom I vsed to rely:
All waies to scape by flight
Were stop'd and shut vp quight,
And none did care
My soule to spare.

Thus troubled, laid in wayt for, desolate,
Enclosed round, and thus disconsolate,
I cride to thee, O Lord, and said,
Thou art my hope, my help, my aid,
The rock I build vpon,
My lot, my portion
In this life and
A better land.

O therefore heare my praiers attentively:
For with contempt and waight of misery
My soule doth cleave vnto the dust;
Yet thou, O Lord, art all my trust.
O free me by thy might
From them, against whose spight
And violence
I have no fence.

Lord, bring my soule out of the streights and dread
Wherein my foes haue her imprisoned:
Lord, loose her bands, that for the same
I may give thancks to thy great name;
And that the righteous men
May flock to me agen,
And they with me
Sing praise to thee.

XLVII.

RICHARD GIPPS.

PSALM VI.

Doe not correct me in thy wrath, O God,
Nor in thy fury let me feele thy rod.

For I am weake, Lord, pittie me therefore;
Lord, heale me, for my very bones are sore.

My soule is troubled, and hath much dismai'd me;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou forbeare to aid me?

O turne againe, and me for pitty save,
And my poore soule deliver from the grave.

Shall dead men's bones to future ages blaze thee?
Or hath the grave's wide mouth a tongue to praise thee?

Each night with mourning I bedew my bed,
And with salt teares my couch is watered.

My sight growes dym: mine eies are sunck, to see
My foes reioyce, and work my miserie.

But now, ye workers of iniquitie,
The Lord hath heard my crie; depart from me:

He heares my mournfull lamentation,
And will receive my supplication:

He will confound my foes, and vex them all;
Shame and confusion shall them befall.

XLVIII.

T. CAREY.

PSALME XCI.

Make the great God thy fort, and dwell
In him by faith, and doe not care,
So shaded, for the fires of hell,
Or for the cuning fowler's snare,
Or poison of th' infected aire.

His plumes shall make a downy bed,
Where thou shalt rest; he shall display
His wings of truth ouer thy head,
Which, like a shield, shall driue away
The feares of night, the darts of day.

The winged plague that flies by night,
The murdering sword that kills by day,
Shall not thy quiet power affright,
Though on thy left and right hand thay
A thousand and ten thousand slay.

Onely thine eies shall see the fall
Of sinners; but because thy heart
Dwells with the Lord, not one of all
These ills, nor yet the plaguie dart,
Shall dare approach near where thou art.

His angells shall direct thy leggs,
And guard them in the stony streete:
On lions' whelpes and adders' eggs
Thy steps shall march; and if thou meete
With dragons, they shall kisse thy feete.

When thou art troubled, he will heare
And help thee; for thy loue embraced
And knew his name: therefore hee'll reare
Thy honors high; and when thou hast
Enioyed them long, saue thee at last.

XLIX.

GEORGE WHETSTONE.

RECANTATION.

BEFORE the world I here recant my life;
I doe renounce both lingering loue and lust;
My wanton will, with wisdome once at strife,
Hath lost the fielde, the type of fansie's trust.

My sugred toung, bepoudred all with teares,
To chase mistrust from my sweet maistresse' mynde,
With simple speach from humble sprite now weares
That fauour I with my sweet Christe may finde.

My scattered sighes, which I on earth did strowe,
I gather vp, and sende them to the starres,
As messengers of my lamenting woe,
Twixt sine and soule: so mortall is the warres.

Sith I repent, no shame it is to wray
My former life; how farre from grace it sweru'd;
Although from truth I, silly sheepe, did stray;
As good men God, so I my goddesse seru'd.

* * * * * *

Thus I, vile wretche, led on by wanton lust,
A triumphe made within my wicked thought,
How I by hap the harmelesse threw to dust,
Ere I escapt, or had the mischiefe wrought.

But oh, sweete Christ, thy grace this folly stay'd;
Thou cleardst my sight which mistes of loue did bleare:

Vnto whose praise my conscience hath bewrayd
My former life, deuoyde of godly feare.

Thou crau'st, good Lord, no other aduocate,
But prayer mine, to purchase heauenly grace;
The which thou sayst doth neuer come too late,
If I repent, when prayer pleades my case.

A contrite heart is the sweet sacrifice
That thou dost seeke, ere we thy fauour winne;
The which, deare God, with sighes and weeping eyes
I offer vp in recompence of sinne:

Attending still when triall of my fayth
Shall treade downe death, and Sathan force to reele;
And boldly say, Till latter gaspe of breath,
My soule, through faith, the ioyes of heauen doth feele.

L.

DUDLEY FENNER.

SOLOMON'S SONG. Chapter IV.

Christ.

Loe, howe that thou art fayre,
Loe, faire thou art, my loue;
Thine eyes before thy lockes are like
To the eyes of a doue.

As of a flock of goates,
Such also is thy heare;
Of those same goates which doe vpon
The mount of Gilhad sheare.

Thy teeth like equall flocke,
Which come vpp from washing,
Which all doe bring foorth twinnes, whereof
None wanteth his offspringe.

Thy lipps like scarlet threede,
So comelie is thy speach;
As a pomgranate peece beyonde
Thy locks thy temples reach.

Thy necke, like Dauid's towre,
Buylt for an armourie,
In which a thousand targets hang,
All shields of men mightie.

Resemble doe thy papps
Two young kidds which goates breed,
Such as are twinnes, and such as doe
Among the lilies feede.

Till that day shall appeare,
And these shades shall flee hence;
I will go to this mount of mirrh
And hill of frankomcense.

Thou art all fayr, my loue,
And no spotte found in thee:
From Libanon returne, my loue,
From Libanon with me.

From Amanah toppe thou
Shalt looke; from Schenir see;
From Hermon, and from lions' dennes,
And mountes where leopards bee.

Sister, my spouse, my heart
Thou hast stole with one eye;
Myne heart thou hast stole with one chayne
Which on thy necke doeth lye.

How fayr are those thy loues,
My sister and spouse myne!
Of what goodnes are those thy loues,
More excellent then wine!

Better thine oyntments smell
Then all the spices will;
The honycombe both of thy lips,
O Spouse, they doe distill.

Vnder thy tounge honye
And milke are; and as well
The sauour of thy garments is
As the Libanon smell.

Sister, my spouse, as the
Garden inclos'de thou art;
As a spring of water enclos'd,
And a well sealed apart.

Thy gryfts they are, as of
A pomgranat orchard;
With the fruite of things precious,
As cypres with spiknard.

Spiknard, saffron, sweet canes,
Cinomon, with the rest
Of incense-trees, mirrh, and santall,
With all spice which is best.

Church.

O thou the fountayne of
The gardens and the well
Of liuing waters, which flowing
Doest Libanous excell;

Wake, north, and come, O south,
And on my garden blowe,
And all the spices thereof lett
The waters ouerflowe.

Let com to his garden
Him who is lou'd of me;
That he may eate the fruite of his
Things delicate which be.

Christ.

Sister, my Spouse, into
My garden come am I;
I gather my myrrhe with my spice,
Also with my hony.

I eate my honycombe;
With my milk drinck my wine:—
Eate, O my freendes, drinck, and be fill'd,
Ye well-beloued myne.

LI.

STEPHEN GOSSON.

SPECULUM HUMANUM.

O WHAT is man? or whereof might he vaunt?
From earth and aire and ashes first he came:
His tickle state his courage ought to daunt;
His life shall flit when most he trusts the same.
Then keepe in minde thy moolde and fickle stame:
Thyself a naked Adam shalt thou finde;
A babe by birth both borne and brought forth
blind;
A drie and withered reede, that wanteth sap,
Whose rotten roote is refte euen at a clap;
A signe, a shew of greene and pleasant grasse,
Whose glyding glorie sodeinlie doth passe:

A lame and lothsome limping-legged wight,
That daily doth God's frowne and furie feel;
A crooked cripple, voide of all delight,
That haleth after him an haulting heele,
And from Hieruselem on stilts doth reele:
A wretch of wrath, a sop in sorrow sowst,
A brused barke with billows all bedowst;
A filthie cloth, a stinking clod of clay;
A sacke of sinne that shall be swallowed aye
Of thousand hels, except the Lord do lend
His helping hand, and lowring browes vnbend.

The prime of youth, whose greene vnmellowd yeres
With hoised head doth check the loftie skies,
And set vp saile, and sternlesse ships ysteares,

With wind and wave at pleasure sure he flies:
On euery side then glance his rolling eies,
Yet hoary haires do cause them downe to drowp,
And stealing steps of age do make him stoup.
Our health that doth the web of wo begin,
And pricketh forth our pampred flesh to sin,
By sicknesse soakt in many maladies,
Shall turne our mirth to mone and howling cries.

The wreathed haire of perfect golden wire,
The christall eies, the shining angel's face,
That kindles coales to set the heart on fire,
When we doe thinke to runne a royall race,
Shall sodeinlie be gauled with disgrace:
Our goods, our beautie, and our braue araie,
That seemes to set our hearts on hoigh for aie,
Much like the tender floure in fragrant fields,
Whose sugred sap sweet-smelling sauour yeelds,
Though we therein doe dailie laie our lust,
By dint of death shall vanish vnto dust.

Why seeke ye then this lingring life to saue,
A hugie heape of bale and miserie?
Why loue we longer daies on earth to craue,
Where carke, and care, and all calamitie,
Where nought we finde but bitter ioylitie?
The longer that we liue, the more we fall;
The more we fall, the greater is our thrall:
The shorter life doth make the lesse account;
To lesse account the reckning soone doth mount;
And then the reckning brought to quiet end
A ioyfull state of better life doth lend.

Thou, God, therefore, that rules the rolling skie,
Thou, Lord, that lends the props whereon we staie,
And turnes the spheares, and tempers all on hie,
Come, come in hast, to take vs hence awaie!

Thy goodnesse shall we then engraue for aie,
And sing a song of endlesse thankes to thee,
That deignest so from death to set vs free,
Redeeming vs from depth of dark decaie:
With foure and twentie elders shall we saie,
"To him be glorie, power, and praise alone,
That with the Lambe doth sit in loftie throne."

LII.

ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS

From "The Love of God."

ENGLAND is blest and loued of God:
Who can the same deny?
For she hath felt his louinge rod,
Because she went awrye.

Deserve she dyd more to be whypt;
Her faultes they were so great:
Who dyd not see how far she slypt
From law and iustice seat?

The word so frely taught and preacht,
As no land had it more;
When teachers truelye truth them teacht,
They set by it no store.

They kept it not in hart and minde
To lead thereby theyr life:
If they had ben to God so kynde,
Then had not come the stryfe.

LIII.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

PETER'S TEARES AT THE COCKE'S CROWING.

Come, sharpest greefes, imploy repentant eies;
Taske them as bitter drops as ere were shed:
Send teares to earth and sighs vp to the skies;
This instant houre a soule and sorrowe's wed.
Sweet tears and sighs, at dolour's deere requests,
Come you and yours, my hart's right welcome guests.

Let eies become the fountaines of my teares,
And let my teares be flouds to moist my heart;
And let my heart, ful of repentant feares,
By teares and sorrowes turne a true conuert:
At base obiections of as base a maid
With oths and curses I haue Christ denai'd.

The watchfull bird that centinels the morne,
Shrill herald to Aurorae's earlie rising,
That oft proclaimes the day ere day be borne,
Distinguisher from pitchd-fac'd night's disguising,
Surceas'd to heed why nature taught him crow,
And did exclaime on me for sinning so.

O haughtie vaunts, resembling skie-bred thunder,
How farre remote your actions stand aloofe!
A coward heart kept words and deeds asunder,
Stout champion brags are quailed in the proofe.
Weake woman's breath hath ouerthrowne a rocke,
And humane pride is daunted by a cocke.

Harken this bird's rebuke; and harkning, feare:
False periur'd tongue, now are thy boastings tride;
Christ hardest fortune's part thou vowd'st to beare,
But loe! a cocke doth crow it, thou hast lide:
Thy deedlesse words, words vnconfirmd by truth,
Haue turn'd mine eies to teares, my heart to ruth.

The daie's approch, that whilome nature taskes,
He chaunted not, nor ment blacke night's descending;
But foule-fac'd sinne from scarffing words vnmaskes:
Plie, bitter teares, your suite, for wrath's suspending;
Eies, that when Christ sweat blood, secure did slumber,
Now shed more tears then truthles tong can number.

Lament, my soule, thy state; a state distrest;
Thou art reuolt from true felicitie:
Sigh sorrowes forth: let greefes weepe out the rest;
Weepe, wretched man, repleat with miserie:
Let neuer eies giue cheekes a space to drie,
Till teares regaine lost grace in mercie's eie.

Weepe saltest brinish teares, the more the sweeter:
Weepe satisfaction, sinne's repentant soule;
Weepe, fraile disciple, woman-daunted Peter;
Weepe, weakling, subiect to a cocke's controule;
Weepe Christ's deniall, worst of all thy crimes,
And ouerweepe each teare teme thousand times.

O God, from whom all graces doe abound,
For thy assisting aid I humblie call;
Lend mercie's hand to raise from sinking ground,
And beeing on foot, protect against like fall.
Thy fauours, Lord, I truly doe implore,
Rising to stand, standing to fall no more.

THE DEATH OF DEATH, SINNE'S PARDON, AND SOULE'S RANSOME.

O SINFULL soule, the cause of Iesus' passion,
Put sorrowes on, and sighing view thy guilt;
Bring all thy thoughts, fix them on meditation,
Weep drops of tears for streams of blood Christ spilt.
Summon thy fostred sinnes, selfe-hatched euils,
And cast them low as hell: they are the deuils.

Seat vertue riuall, where vsurping vice
Had seaz'd for Sathan to possese thy hart;
And though the traitor flesh from grace intice,
Yet yeeld thy Sauiour his deere purchast part:
The greatest loue that heau'n or earth doth know,
Did heau'n's free loue on hel's bond-slaues bestow.

He left his Father's glorious right-hand seat,
To liue euen where his earthly footstole stands,
Vnmou'd thereto by our submisse intreat,
No suite of clay obtain'd it at his hands;
No power in vs, no humane will that sought it;
It was his loue; grace freely giuen wrought it.

O loue of soules, death's victor, true life-giuer,
What charitie did ouercome thee so,
To die, that man might be eternall liuer,
Being thine aduerse, disobedient foe?
For friends if one should die were rarely much;
But die for foes, the world affords none such!

An ignominious death in shame's account,
Of odious censure, and contempt's disgrace,
On Caluarie, a stincking dunghill mount,
For murderers the common fatall place:
There dide the angels' brightnesse, God and man;
There death was vanquisht, and true life began.

Yet there began not Iesus suffering,
Nor in the garden with his soule's vexation:
There he perform'd victorious conquering;
His life was nothing els but stintlesse passion—
From cratch to crosse he trod a paineful path
Betwixt our guilt and God's reuengefull wrath.

What paines their paines to Iesus not impart?
What moment tortures' want did he indure?
What anguish addes not to his greeued heart?
What minute was he sorrowlesse secure?
What age, wherein his troubles were neglected?
What people, but his death cheeflie affected?

In eies he suffred monefull showres of teares;
His face had spittings and dispightfull blowes;
Blasphemous speech vpbraid his sacred eares;
Most lothsome carrion stincks entred his nose;
Gall in his mouth; the holiest hands were bound,—
Hands, feet, heart, head, were nailed, pierc'd, and crown'd.

From his birth-hower vntill his life-lost blood,
What moment past wherein hee did not merite?
What minute scap'd imploiment vnto good?
Who did implore his grace, and he deferre it?
How painfully his preaching spent the day!
How watchfully his nights were houres to pray!

Whom taught this truth, that him for truth beleeued?
Though truth without his presence ne're was knowne.
With whom did he conuerse, and was ungreeued?
How ill intreated euen amongst his owne!
Though foxe and bird could find both hole and nest,
Where found his head reposed place for rest?

Pouertie he indured in the manger;
Warre with the tempter in the wildernesse;
Exile in Ægypt, forc'd by tirant's danger,
And on the way o're-painfull wearinesse:
In all his speech and actions contradictions,
Laden with wrongs, burdned with dire afflictions.

With hunger's sword Food-giuer was acquainted,
And that the stone-presenting deuill saw:
At Iacob's well with thirst he well-nie fainted,
While pinching woman stood on tearmes to draw:
All wants and woes impos'd vpon him still,
And his obedience suffred euery ill.

Traitor-led troopes by night did apprehend him,
Haling him cruell to the iudgement-hall,
Where all inflicted torments did offend him,
And mockeries to greeue his soule withall:
There Iudge was iudg'd, King scorned, Priest abus'd,
And of all just, the Iust vniustly vs'd.

Thence to his death with clamours, shouts, and cries,
Theeues at his side, the torturing hangman by him;
His crosse (his burden) borne before his eies,
Hart-launcing Longius the centurion nie him;
His friends aloofe; inuiron'd round with foes;—
Thus vnto death, soule's loue, sweet Iesus goes.

Victoriously vpon the dunghill field
He manag'd combate with the roaring lion;
Old serpent, death, and hell at once did yeeld,
All vanquisht by triumphant Lambe of Sion;
Performing in that glorious bloodie fight
The euer conquest of infernall might.

THE HIGH WAY TO MOUNT CALUARIE.

Repaire to Pilat's hall,
Which place when thou hast found,
There shalt thou see a pillar stand,
To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be knowne
To anie Christian eye;
The bloudie whips doe point it out
From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe
Of purple, and a reed,
Which Pilat's seruants vs'd t' abuse,
In sinne's deriding deed:

When they pronounced "All haile!
God saue thee!" with a breath,
And by the same cride presently,
"Let Christ be done to death."

His person had in scorne,
His doctrine made a iest,
Their mockeries were a martirdome;
No wrongs but him opprest.

What courage lesse then his
Would haue indur'd like shame,
But would with greefs of such contempt
Haue dide t' indure the same?

A little from that place,
Vpon the left-hand side,
There is a curious portlie dore,
Right beautifull and wide.

Leaue that in anie wise,
Forbid thy foot goe thether;
For out thereat did Iudas goe,
Despaire and he together.

But to the right hande turne,
Where is a narrow gate,
Forth which St Peter went to weepe
His poore distrest estate.

Doe immitate the like,
Goe out at Sorrowe's dore;
Weepe bitterly as he did weepe,
That wept to sinne no more.

Keepe wide of Cayphas' house,
Though couetous thoughts infence:
There bribery haunts, despair was hatcht;
False Iudas came from thence.

But goe on forward still,
Where Pilat's pallace stands;
There where he first did false condemne,
Then wash his guiltie hands:

Confess'd he found no cause,
And yet condemn'd to die,
Fearing an earthly Cæsar more
Then God that rules on hie.

By this direction then
The way is vnderstood;
No porch, no dore, nor hal to passe,
Vnsprinckled with Christ's blood.

So shall no errour put
Misguiding steppes betweene;
For euery drop sweet Iesus shed
Is freshly to be seene.

A crowne of piercing thornes
There lies imbru'd in gore;
The garland that thy Sauiour's head
For thy offences wore.

Which when thou shalt behold,
Thinke what his loue hath binne,

Whose head was loaden with those briers
T' vnlade thee of thy sinne:

Whose sacred flesh was torne;
Whose holie skinne was rent;
Whose tortures and extreamest paines
Thy paines in hell preuent.

As God from Babilon
Did turne, when they past cure
Refused helpe; whom he would heale,
Denying health t' indure:

So from Hierusalem
The soule's phisition goes,
When they forsook his sauing health.
And vow'd themselues his foes.

Goe with him, happie soule,
From that forsaken towne;
Vpon whose wals lies not a stone,
But ruine must throw downe.

Follow his feet that goes
For to redeeme thy losse,
And carries all our sinnes with him
To cansel on his crosse.

Behold what multitudes
Doe guard thy God about,
Who bleeding beares his dying tree
Amidst the Iewish rout.

Looke on with liquid eies,
And sigh from sorrowing mind,
To see the death's-man goe before,
The murdering troupes behind:

Centurion hard at hand,
The theeues vpon the side,
The exclamations, shouts, and cries,
The shame he doth abide.

Then presse amongst the throng,
Thyselfe with sorrowes weed;
Get very neere to Christ, and see
What teares the women shed:

Teares that did turne him backe,—
They were of such a force—
Teares that did purchase daughters' names
Of father's kind remorse.

To whom hee said, Weepe not:
For me drop not a teare;
Bewaile your offspring and yourselues,
Greefe's cause vnseene is neare.

Follow their steps in teares,
And with those women mourne,
But not for Christ; weepe for thyselfe,
And Christ will grace returne.

To Pilat's bold demands
He yeelded no replie;
Although the iudge importun'd much,
Yet silence did denie.

Vnto his manie words
No answere Christ would make;
Yet to those women did he speake,
For teares' and weeping' sake.

Thinke on their force by teares—
Teares that obtained loue—
Where words too weak could not persuade,
How teares had power to moue.

Then looke toward Iesus' load,
More then he could indure,
And how for helpe to beare the same
A hireling they procure.

Ioine thou vnto the crosse;
Beare it of loue's desire;
Doe not as Cyranæus did,
That took it vp for hire.

It is a gratefull deed,
If willing vnderta'ne;
But if compulsion set aworke,
The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death,
That Christ did die for thee,
Giues life to none but such as ioy
Crosse-bearing friends to be.

Vp to Mount Caluerie
If thou desire to goe,
Then take thy crosse, and follow Christ;
Thou canst not misse it so.

When there thou art arriu'd
His glorious wounds to see,
Say, but as faithfull as the theefe,
O Lord, remember me.

Assure thyselfe to haue
A gift, all gifts excelling,
Once sold by sinne, once bought by Christ,
For saints' eternall dwelling.

By Adam Paradise
Was sinne's polluted shade:
By Christ the dunghill Golgotha
A Paradise was made.

CHRIST TO THE WOMEN OF HIERUSALEM.

Weepe not, but weepe; stint tears, shower eies;
Cease sorrowes, yet begin lament:
Weepe for your children and alies;
Weepe not for me, 'tis tears mispent:
Bewaile the offspring of your wombe,
Sentenc'd succeeding vengeance doome.

No cause you should my case bemone;
My death's the death of Death and Hell:
Great cause you haue to weepe your owne,
And rue the cittie where they dwell:
Know how to weepe when greefes complaine,
Or teares and sighs are meerly vaine.

If this be done vnto the tree,
Green in perfection's perfect prime,
In what state shall the barren bee
That's iuicelesse, drie, and spent by time?
When thus they fell downe fruitfull greene,
Where shall the fruitlesse stock bee seene?

This was reply without demand
To tongues, eies, hearts, mute, wet, and weake,
Vnlesse by teares we vnderstand
That waterie eies haue power to speake:
Their weeping spake to Iesus' eares;
He turn'd about, and answer'd teares.

Where sinne-stain'd Adam first was plast,
Three kind of trees were growing there:
The first was for delicious tast,
Fruitful, ordained food to beare:
Life's arbour next, which grace did fill;
And knowledge-tree of good and ill.

Where, sinne's hie ransome, Iesus di'de,
Three trees vpon that dunghill stood:

One greene with grace; the other dri'de
Bearing two theeues, the bad and good:
In midst, the tree of life, the crosse,
Bare Adam's guilt, restored his losse.

Great negligence, great loue and paines,
First gardner had, last did supplie:
His tree was watred from his veines;
In Paradise they carelesse die:
His blood for his hath moisture bin;
His thornes a hedge to guard it in.

LIV.

E. W.

LINES

From "Thameseidos."

Aye, now I see that mourning followes mirth,
That sorrow driueth pleasure from the earth;
That happinesse doth not long time remaine,
But ere it is at full, begi'nes to waine;
That all in vaine man striues to keepe his state,
When dangerous stormes labour it to abate:
That vainely men doe boast of Fortune's fauours,
Since like a weather-cocke shee alwayes wauers,
Threatening them most, and bringing soonest vnder
Those, at whose fortunes most the world did
wonder.

LV.

ANN DOWRICHE.

The sharpest edge will soonest pearse,
And come unto an end;
Yet dowt not, but be riche in hope,
And take that I do send.

A. D.

Put not your trust in fading earth,
Puft vp with fainting staies:
Possese the Lord; so shall you still
Persist in godlie waies.

Exalt your eies from common shapes,
Esteeme not of this pelfe;
Expresse in deeds what faith you haue,
Examine wel yourselfe.

As windes disperse the wau'ring chaffe,
And tosse it quite away,
All worldlie pompe shall so consume,
And passe without delay.

Repleated oft with wandring change
Recount your life to be:
Remember wel, no blessed fruite
Remaines on cursed tree.

So shal you trace the perfect pathe
Saluation to attaine;
So shal you see this glittering glose
Set out to be in vaine.

Extinguish then the carnal course,
Exempted from aboue;
Expell the qualmes of fond delights,
Excell in godlie loue.

Depart not from the liuing Lord;
Delight to read his word;
Delaie no time, for he doth still
Defend vs with the sword.

Giue to your God your soule and life,
Good gain insues thereby;
Greieue not the Spirit, that warneth you
Great dangers for to flie.

Cast all your care on him alone,
Care for no other, praie;
Considering he your greatest griefes
Can quickly take awaie.

Of all things lent vnto this life
One thing accompt the best;
Onelie the truth and feare of God,
On which our soules must rest.

Make no account of trustles trash,
Molesting miser's mind;
Marke how these markers oftentimes
Much care and sorrow finde.

Beware betimes of bad, I wist:
Be not these pleasures vaine?
Beleeue in Christ, and so you shall
Be sure to liue againe.

LVI.

JOHN MARKHAM.

THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST.

JUDAS, that treason harbored in his brest,
Knew well that here our Lord did oft resort
Vnto this place: knowledge had wrought thy rest,
If all in time thou wouldst haue found comfort:
But, murtherous wretch, this onely did thee good;
Thou thirstie wert after the innocent blood.

O monstrous change, that from a friend of trust
Thou art a fox, and wilt thy friend betray!
Companion once, and now 'mongst thieues to thrust,
As chiefest guide, the spotlesse Lambe to fray.
Cannot great fauours cause thee to returne,
Thou wofull wretch, at goodnes that dost spurne?

How many speeches tending to our health!
What feruent vowes he sent beyond the sky!
All wayes were sought, still to procure our wealth;
His grace to none that would he did deny.
Might not his grace from treason thee reclaime,
But at his life thou, traytour, now wilt aime?

Ye couetous carles, that for a little gaine
Set soule to sale, as though there were no hell,
Looke on this Iudas, thinke vpon his paine;
His endlesse pangs all torments far excell.
The very fire the forged fire doth passe,
And like hell-fire no torment euer was.

Consider yet, while here we haue a space,
What griefe it is to be exilde from God;

What ioy it is to view his pleasant face ;
What paine it is to feele his heauie rod.
Thrise happie they that cleaue vnto thy grace!
Thrise cursed they that will not life imbrace !

O wretched man, bereft of inward peace,
Commest thou arm'd with weapons and with lights?
A cut-throate crew serue for thy shame's increase:
Are these thy mates? belike feare thee affrights.
A guiltie conscience brings a restlesse griefe,
Easlesse in ease, finding no sound reliefe.

Thou stately citie of the hightest King,
Fitting thy name that hadst the Prince of Peace,
Whilom whose praise the virgins faire did sing,
What time thy glory the chiefest did increace:
Thy famous temple, deuotion that relieues,
Is now become a den for lothsome thieues.

And must thy rulers now their forces bend
To send their seruants forth in all the haste,
To bind this Lambe, and then his blood to spend?
What, do ye long to see your land lye waste?
All this was done the Scripture to fulfil:
Who can dissolve what God alone doth will?

In these we see that brings such weapons' stoare,
How foes with might God's children doe oppresse:
They haue no truth, and as for iustice' loare
They likewise want, which causes should redresse:
Trusting to flesh, this stay, as it is wurst,
So for this fault they are of God accurst.

Forward they march, bringing along their light,
Their lanterns that a little light containe,
With other helpes to guide them in the night;
Vsing the lesse, and from the great refraine:
To dim that light each one doth now prepare ;
For Light of world no whit at all they care.

Christ, knowing well the secrets of mankind,
This instant somewhat should to him betyde,
Forward he goeth against the crue vnkind,
From whom he could haue parted cleane vnspyde:
"Whom do ye seeke?" said he; "to me now tell."
"Jesus of Nazareth," said they, and down they fell.

This hath the taste of his most soueraigne might,
Who with a word could strike them to the ground:
Weake is man's power, if God begin to fight;
His only breath can all his foes confound.
If slender touch huge mountaines maketh smoke,
How dares then man his maiestie prouoke?

LVII.

JOHN DAVIES.

STANZAS

From "Sir Martin Mar-people."

THEN let vs leaue this wretched world,
And cleaue vnto the Lord,
And turne from all our wicked waies,
In thought, in deed, and word:

That God from vs may turne his plagues,
Which we deserued haue;
That when our liues giue place to death,
Then death may swallowed be
Of life again, in heauen to dwell
With God in persons three,

In endlesse glory there to rest:
And that it so befall,
My heart, my mind, my tongue, and lips,
Doo pray: Amen, say all.

LVIII.

RICHARD ROBINSON.

A Psalme pend upon the Etimologie of the name of the right worshipfull Thomas Leigh, of Adlington.

PSALME VI.

THY mercie, Lord, my faith perswades,
Although my sinnes be red,
How I shall be made free to thee
By Christe's blood that's shed.

Of all my wandring wilfull dayes,
And recklesse rudeful toys,
My faithfull hope is for to mount
To thee in lasting ioyes.

And as I wickedly did sinne,
I faithfully repent:
Such is thy mercie that I knowe
My teares shall thee content.

Lo, heare my teares the witnesse is,
My sinne doth grieue me sore:
Esteeme, O Lord, my wofull plaintes;
I trust t' offend no more.

In thee my onely hope remaines;
On thee is all my stay;
Geue eare vnto my wofull cries,
When I shall passe away.

Haue minde vpon thy mercy, Lord;
Forget thy wrath and yre;
Erect my spirite into thy blisse,
I humbly thee desire.

Els all my teares and grieuous plaintes
Returne without rewarde;
So shall I weare and wast in woe—
My cries shall not be heard.

Seeme not therefore to turne thy face;
Accept my wofull suite:
Quit me from Sathan's nets and snares;
His traps, good Lord, confute.

Vnto thy maiestie, O Lord,
I dedicate my selfe:
Yeeld I doe vp my soule to thee,
And leaue the world my wealth.

Accept, therefore, thou glorious God—
Thus still on thee I crie;
Reuenge not, Lord, but mercy haue,
And neuer let me die.

All glory be vnto thy name,
And to thy onely Sonne;
And to the Holy Ghost, with whom
To vs thy kingdome come.

TIME FLEETING.

Prepare a place aboue the skies,
Where angels rest in ioy;
Out of all mundane thoughts arise,
Which workes the soule's annoy.
Of Time watch well the stealing steps;
Take heed of youth that age forgets.
All thinges haue time by power deuine,
And Time consumeth all.
She hath cut off the mightiest kinges,
And so the rest she shall.

Emporour, king, and kaisar, she
Doth mount vpon the stage;
And all that shall aduaunced be
Time raiseth in ech age.
So Time dismountes them all againe,
Some from great ioy to shame and paine.
Thus rich and poore she euermore
Cuts off, both great and small:
The captaine stout, and all his rout,
She spoyles, and euer shall.

Therefore watch well this hastie dame,
That makes thys mortall speede:
As all our parents felt the same,
With vs she will proceede.
Time flies apace; she tarries not;
She grantes no grace if men forgot.
At first she is as sugar sweete,
But ends like bitter gall.
Let worldlinges watch that be asleepe.
For time no doubt they shall.

Remember Tyme built cities great,
Which now is wildernes;
With many a costly and stately seat
That now consumed is.
And Tyme these dayes builds many bours
Which shall in Time be none of ours:
For as the seas doth ebbe and floe,
So Tyme doth with vs all.
Now chuse who thinks of Tyme or noe;
All thinges consume she shall.

* * * * * * *

Of this beware, and marke it well,
For Tyme is now at hand;
That Tyme all pleasure shall expell
As well by sea as land.

Not one, but all, shall tast of woe,
Of very force it must be soe:
Els sinne would sincke, and vice would drinke,
The workes of vertue all:
So Tyme consumes those that presumes—
Loe! thus she doth and shall.

Such is the force of Tyme, ye see;
Such is the ende of all:
Here may we see that vanitie
Doth worke our mortal thrall.
Quite now yourselues from worldly mucke,
Lest Tyme vnlookt your liues do plucke.
Undoubtedly in Tyme foresee
To win the way to rest;
And help the poore, which is the store
For which God thinkes you blest.

If Tyme cut of all liuing thinges,
And stil bringes all to nought;
And shall to iudgement bring the kinges,
As well for deede as thought;
Then let the meaner stats take heed
To watch and pray with present speed:
Els in the shares of Tyme vnwares
We must to iudgment all.
Remember this; great neede it is,
For Tyme consume vs shall.

LIX.

EDWARD HAKE.

STANZAS

From "The Commemoration."

Now blessed be these dayes of thine:
Thrise blessed be our God,
By whom our Queene Elizabeth
Those vertuous steppes hath trod.

Not force of fleshe hath held her vp,
Not sharp devise of man:
Not crafte, not skill, not worldly thrifte,
Her blessed state began.

Before her raigne bereft of peace,
Bereft of outwarde joy;
Pursued to death by Romishe beastes,
Still seeking her annoy:

Whose foamy, frothy, murthrous jawes,
With stomacks stuft with guile,
Each day devised her grace's death,
And sacred state to foyle.

Whom high Jehove preserved hath,
In spite of Sathan's rage,
To live a queen in blessed peace,
To lyve an happy age.

* * * * *

No drift, devise, no devill's deede,
No falshood fetcht from hell,
Hath yet tane place: in safetie yet
Her noble grace doth dwell.

Thine hand, Jehove, hath found them out;
Thine owne right hand hath brought
Each darke deuise to open view,
And treason's guile to nought.

Thine hand hath held her kingdome fast;
Thine owne right hand hath stay'd
The running rage of rancour bent,
And made her foes afrayde.

Of wisdome hast thou lent her store,
To guide thy folke aright:
What giftes of grace have princes more
Obtayned in thy sight?

Graue counsaile, guiding all by truth,
Thou, Lorde, with her hast plaste:
Whose careful workes for commonwealth
Can never be defaste.

A COMPLAINT,

(From "Golde's Kingdome, etc.")

Drooping and dying in depth of dispaire;
Wasted and wearied with sorrow and smart;
Pinched and pained in pencifull chaire,
Yet dare not discouer the thoughts of my heart:
To keepe them or shew them brings griefe alike to me,
To keepe them or to shew them alike doth vndo me.

O dayes full of dolour! O nights of vnrest!
O times full of trouble! O seasons vnkind
If aught could be added, or aught be decreast,
Then might there be hope some comfort to find:
But resolute ruine still standing at doore,
Death cannot haue entrance, nor life be secure.

O God, if thou dost it to punish my sinne,
I am thy poore seruant, the worke of thy hand,
All fraile and vnstable without and within,
Vnable without thee one houre to stand:
But sith thou hast promist to helpe where is need,
Lord, keepe then thy promise, and helpe me with speed.

Thou know'st what I lacke, thou know'st what I aile,
O Father of mercy, O Fountaine of grace:
Sith none that hath sought thee did euer yet faile,
Lord, let not me onely be thrust out of place:
But looke thou on me as thou lookest on all,
And helpe thy poore seruant that lyeth in thrall.

I graunt of my merites I may be ashamed;
Not mercy but iudgement doth fit my desert:
My life hath bene loose, my thoughts all vntamed.
And whatso was holy, that did I peruert.
Not therefore for me, but for thy name sake,
Vouchsaue me thy mercy, my sorrow to slake.

STANZAS

From "Newes out of Powle's Churchyard."

O ENDLESSE powre! O welspring, whence
All wisdom wisely flowes;
O God, whose grace doth guide the good,
In whome all bounty growes:
Thou knowst the hearts and seest the raynes,
Yea th' inwarde thoughts of men
Doe open lye before thy face:
Thou knowst how, where, and when
Ech thing hath, is, or shall be done,
Or else committed: thou

Hast perfite, newe, and insight good,
Which way man's heart doth bow.
Thou, thou, I say, sole God of might,
Beholdst the harts of men,
What they pretend, what yll they worke:
So iustly iudge me then,
And shut thy mercy from my soule,
If slandrously my lypps
Doe ope at all; or if my tongue,
Of vaine presumtion, skypps
From this to that, or rashly run
More than the truth doth vrge;
Or more then that through extreame rage
And force of sinfull surge.

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LX.

ROGER COTTON.

STANZAS

From "The Armour of Proofe, brought from the Tower of Dauid."

But wilt thou know what is the sinne of sinnes?
It is contempt of God's most holy worde.
For that cast off, idolatrie beginnes;
False god then sought, God draweth out his sword.
His sword? yea, all his plagues therewith are sent,
When on false gods the mindes of his are bent.

Alas! how then can we escape his hand?
Haue not all sortes his holy worde off cast?
Not so; for then nought els but plagues in land,
And it to ly both desolate and wast.
Wast? nay, worse: for Ohim therein then should dwel;
Yea, Zim and Iem, instead of men to tell.

For wilt thou see, for this what God once wrought
On his owne seate, Ierusalem of fame?
In dust she lyeth, by Babel first so brought;
Once built againe; yet Rome hath spoylde the same.
Too greeuous were her harmes all to be tolde;
She lyeth in dust, that glittered so with golde.

Euen shee, whose beautie shone so cleare and bryght,
That all the world Perfection did her call;

Yea, shee, the ioy of all that were vpright;
None such there was, nor neuer like there shall:
Yet downe she is, and neuer shall be buylt:
Thou mayest so see in God's booke, if thou wylt.
And so Aholah, sister hers lykewyse,
Before her long with Asshur's rod was whypt,
For that new goddes amongst them did aryse,
God's worde cast off, and Omrie's lawes well kept:
From Ahab's house their manners still they sought,
Wherefore to dust their glorious crowne was brought.
And so in dayes of Iudges, long before,
The Lorde his solde to spoylers round about;
Because their goddes they dayly did adore,
And praysed them, whom God had bid thrust out;
But quite forgot the Lord, who did redeeme
Their neckes from thrall: him did they not esteeme.
And hath not this of vs yet taken holde?
Not full, I hope: for though great store there be,
Who make them gods of wealth and wedge of gold,
Of lustes of flesh, and pleasures of the eye;
All those who loue their wealth or pleasure more
Then they do God, to them gods they are sure:
But yet this sinne on all hath not layde holde;
For though on some, yet many more there bee
Who neuer sought to gods yet made of mould,
Or sunne or starres; for such ne heare nor see:
To one they call, who can their sute well heare,
And doth to them by worde and workes appeare.
To God alone we seeke in hope to finde,
By meanes of Christ, eternall Sonne of his,
Who did our sinnes and foes to tree fast binde,
When he on earth God's statutes none did mis:

Yet death he tooke, the wages due for sinne,
And so by death spoyld him that death brought in:

Who after death all glorie was to haue,
Which earst he had with God before all time,
And there doth sit, in shape of man, to craue
The lyke for all that are of him, true vine.
Wherefore by him our prayers we present,
Which are to God a sweet and pleasing scent.

We maruell much what foolysh doults do meane,
To fall to blockes, or call to saincts on hie;
Since none on earth or heauen yet doth raigne,
But God alone, who can our thoughtes espie:
For Abram knoweth vs not, doth Esai say,
And Iacob wanteth eares to heare vs pray.

That virgin pure most blessed was in deede,
In whose small wombe the Lord of lyfe did dwell;
Yet for to know, what time we stand in neede,
She hath no skill, the scripture playne doth tell:
For God alone our prayers all doth heare;
Wherefore to him by Christ we still draw neare.

We holde them fooles, that labour so in vayne
To call on Paul, or Peter, or on Pope:
For had they eies, Sainct Iohn hath told them playne,
That who now sinnes, Christ now must be his hope:
For he now only Mediator is,
Cause Aron's trade our sinnes could not dismis.

We haue God's word to teach vs fayth and feare;
We learne by it all secrets meete to know.
No writ of man to vs yet is so deare,
Or like esteem'd, God's councels vs to shew:

We are most sure that God by it must gayne
Such wanderyng soules as must with Christ
here raine.

We haue the sacraments in perfect sort,
As Christ himselfe at first did them ordayne.
Our foes are false who giue vs this report,
That we holde not that Christ doth there re-
mayne.
But how? Not really, as they do teach,
But there by fayth, as learned heere do preach.

Yf this be true, that all God's trueth we holde,
What neede we then of Spayne to be afrayde?
For God, I say, hath neuer yet such solde
To sworde of foe; but still hath sent them ayde.
The trueth we haue, yet therein walke not wee;
Wherefore ofttimes God hisseth for a bee.

Indeede? then must we all looke for the same;
For few there be that will of God do seeke;
But all degrees contemne his holy name:
Few, rich or poore, one saboth true do keepe:
And all are bent their owne willes to obey,
But wille of God we seeke it no one day.

For whereas we should spend our lyues and time
In God's owne booke, his will to see therein;
Great store there be, that neuer sought one lyne
To write in hart, that so they might know him:
And so, God's will of vs not being knowne,
He castes vs off, to follow wayes our owne.

O Englande, then consider well thy state;
Oft read God's worde, and let it beare chiefe
sway
Within thy hart: or els thou canst not scape
The wrath of God; for he will surely pay.

Yea, diuers rods the Lorde of hostes doth vse,
To chasten such as do his worde refuse.

* * * * * *

Remember then thy former loue and zeale,
Which thou to God and to his worde didst beare,
And let them now agayne with thee preuale:
And so no force of forrayne shalt thou feare.
None shall then moue thy candlesticke from thee,
Yf thou from it a lyght wilt take to see.

LXI.

LEONARD STAUELY.

STANZAS

From "The Author's muse vpon this life in manner of a dittie."

I MUSING in my carefull minde
Of this vaine fleeting life,
By perfect proofe this doo I finde—
'Tis nothing els but strife.

Which when I see the pinching pains
Wherewith poore men are prest,
I deeme him happiest that hath this gaine,
By Christe eternall rest.

For heer I see our cares abound
And sorrowes stil encrease,
And neuer until vnder ground
Our corps doo lye at ease.

Our labor then is ended sure;
And blessed is that wight,
The greatest greefs did here endure,
And led a life most right.

LXII.

WILLIAM WARNER.

OF CHRIST.

THE brooser of the serpent's head;
The woman's promiz'd seed;
The second in the Trinitie;
The foode our soules to feed;

The vine, the light, the doore, the way,
The shepheard of vs all,
Whose manhood ioyn'd to Deitie
Did ransome vs from thrall;

That was, and is, and euermore
Will be the same to his;
That sleeps to none that wakes to him;
That turns our curse to blis:

Whom yet vnseene the patriarks saw,
The prophets had foretold;
The apostles preacht; the saints ador'd;
And martyrs do behold.

The same—Augustus emperor—
In Palestine was born
Amongst his own, and yet his own
Did curse their blis in scorn.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

BUT human purenes none is such,
But it to erre is knowne:
Thinke not we labour here your faults,
And ouerleape our owne.

For in the best of men the flesh
And spirit combat still:
One thing the spirit, and the flesh
The contrarie doth will.

We vertue praise, but practise vice;
Possessed weale we flye,
And tract of woe; at heauen we ayme,
But with a worldly eye.

Our selues we loue, yeat than ourselues
We haue no crosser foe;
For peace we warre, a peruerse war
That doth ourselues ore-throe.

At once we burne, and are key-cold;
We seeme to stande, that fall;
To heale, that hurt: we brag of bad;
We dye ere death doth call.

We triumph while we are subdude;
We bliss our proper baine;
We gladly doe subiect ourselues
Vnto each giddy vaine.

Our gadding thoughts conceite the clouds,
Ourselues meanewhile forgot:
Our nay is yea, our yea is nay;
We will, and then will not.

Our soules like this, our flesh lusts that;
As Proteus changeth, so
Doe our affections and our thoughts
Be shifting to and fro.

Euen hydra-like, we flesh our faults;
Our mindes doe wauer still;
Our selfe-conceits be winged, and
We flie from good to ill.

Our peace with discord breedes our woe;
The contrarie our ease:
We neuer do but plague ourselues,
Whilst that ourselues we please.

We would be we, as if not we,
Vs plentie maketh poore;
We partiall blame, inable, and
Disable vs eremore.

All these, and wilfull sinnes besides,
To vs and with you all
Too common we confesse; but of
Our doctrine speake we shall.

Propitious be to vs, O God,
That faith haue practice too;
Which we omit as publicanes,
As Pharisees ye doe.

HOW SATHAN BY THE SINNE OF PRIDE HATH EUER PREUAILED.

The sinne of pride made Lucifer
'Gainst God himself rebell;
And through that sin he so seduc't,
That Adam also fell.

Then plaid he Rex ore all the earth,
Except a faithfull fewe,
Till Christ incarnate on the cross
Synne's kingdome did subdue.

Then Christ was powreful in the world,
For faith had practice right;
And what more could our ghostly foe
Than faith and practice spight?

His auncient stratageme, therefore,
To plant he casts anew,
And from the pride of only workes
From faith a many drew.

CHARITY.

Who may, but will not helpe, doth hurt.
We know; and curious they,
That dribling arms by art disband,
Wel-meant from wel-done pay:

And he that questions distresse,
And doth not help endevour,
Then he that sees, and nothing saies
Or cares, is less deceavour.

FAITH.

'Tis onely faith doth justifie,
Say we, of God's free grace
By Christ; nor faith is idle, but
Doth charitie embrace.

LXIII.

ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS

From "The Passions of the Spirit."

Come all the world,
  And call your wits together;
Borrow some pennes
  Out of the angells' wings;
Intreat the heauens
  To send their muses hether,
To help your soules
  To write of sacred things.
Prophane conceits
  Must all bee cast away:
The night is past,
  And you must take the day.

Speake not of sinne,
  It beareth no part heere;
But write of grace
  And whence hir glory grue.
Think of the loue
  That to the life is deere,
And of the life
  To whom all loue is due:
And then sit downe
  In glory all to sing,
All to the glory
  Of our glorious King.

First make your grounds
  Of faithful holinesse;
Then your deuisions
  Of deuine desires:
Let all your rests
  Bee hopes of happinesse,
Which mercies musicke
  In the soule requires:
Let all your sharps
  Bee feares of faithfull harts;
And all your flats
  The death of your desarts.

Yet rise and fall
  As hope and feare directs
The nature of each note
  In space or line:
And let your voices
  Carry such effects,
As may approue
  Your passions are deuine.
Then let your consorts
  All in one agree,
To God alone
  All onely glory bee.

Then let the dittie
  Bee the deerest thought,
That may reuiue
  The dying hart of loue;
That onely mercy
  On the soule hath wrought
The happie comfort
  Of the heauens to moue:
Then let your sound
  Unto the heauens ascend.

And all your closes
All in glory end.

Glory to Him
That sitteth on the throne,
With all the hoast
Of all the heauens attended;
Who all things made,
And governes all alone,
Vanquisht his foes,
And all his flock defended;
And by his power
His chosen soules preserueth
To sing his praise,
That so all praise deserueth.

And whilst all soules
Are to him glory singing,
Let mee, poore wretch,
Not wholly hold my peace;
But let my teares,
From mercie glory springing,
Keepe time to that sweet song:
May they neuer seace,
That while my soule
Doth my God adore,
I may yet sing Amen,
Although no more.

LXIV.

TIMOTHY KENDALL.

TO JESUS CHRISTE.

If euer thou me loue,
I ioyfull am for aie:
If euer me thou leaue,
My soule doeth sorrow slaie.

If euer thou me loue,
Thrise happie then am I:
If euer thou me leaue,
Then out, alas! I dye.

If euer thou me loue,
Abounde I doe in blisse:
If euer me thou leaue,
Then all thyng doe I misse.

If euer thou me loue,
Who then as I so glad?
If euer thou me leaue,
Then who as I so sad?

If euer thou me loue,
Thou euer mak'st me liue:
If euer thou me leaue,
Deathe's dart thou dost me giue.

If euer thou me loue,
Who liues so glad as I?
If euer thou me leaue,
Who dies so bad as I?

If euer thou me loue,
In heauen thou mak'st me dwell:
If euer thou me leaue,
Thou driu'st me doune to hell.

Wherefore, O louying Lorde,
Loue still, to make me liue;
So shall I neuer leaue
Thee laude and praise to giue.

LXV.

PETER PETT.

ALL CREATURES PRAISE GOD.

All creatures of the eternall God but man
In seuerall sorts doe glorify his name :
Things dumbe and meerely senceless, as they can,
Yet seeme to prayse and magnify the same :
Is it not then an ignominious shame
That man should be to them inferiour,
Of whom God made him lord and governour ?

Each tree doth seeme tenne thousand tongues to
haue,
With them to laude the Lord omnipotent ;
Each leafe that with winde's gentle breath doth
waue
Seemes as a tongue to speak to this intent,
In language admirably excellent.
Leaues better tongues then tongues that leaue
their duty,
And loue to talk of nothing but of beauty.

The sundry sorts of fragrant floures doe seeme
Sundry discourses God to glorify :
For sweeter volumes may we them esteeme
Then such as handle with diuersity
The traynes and stratagems of fantasy :
For all these creatures in their seueral sorte
Prayse God, and man vnto the same exhort.

LXVI.

JOHN PITS.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALME.

Dauid in this psalme doth exhort
To prayse the Lord alwayes,
For that he did vs make, and port
And guyde vs all our dayes.

O BE ye ioyfull in the Lorde,
Serue ye him, all ye landes:
With gladnes cum, and with a song
Commit you to his handes.

The Lord our God he did vs make;
Of this we may be sure;
Not we our selues, we are his folke
And shepe of his pasture.

Now let vs go into his gates,
With thanks to geue him prayse;
Into his court, euen for to speake
Good of his name alwayes.

For why? the Lord is gracious;
His mercy is full sure;
His truth doth euerlastyngly
For euermore endure.

LXVII.

G. B.

STANZAS

From "The Shippe of Safe-gard."

WHO seekes to tread that happie path
That leades to perfite blisse,
And faine would finde the certayne way
That many wandring misse;

Must banish ease, and bend himselfe
To abyde both care and paine,
And seeke to conquer eche delight
And worldly pleasure vaine.

For as the way but narrow is
That leadeth straight to ioy,
So is it all beset with thornes
And briers that anoy.

In euerie place are stubbles and prickes,
That stayes the feeble feete;
And lothsome for the time it seemes,
That after prooues most sweete.

A feareful hart refuseth quite
To walke that painefull way;
But carefull mindes regarde not paine,
Such pleasure to assay.

LXVIII.

STEPHEN BATMAN.

STANZAS

From "The Trauayled Pilgrime."

Who woulde not trauaile all his life
Such science for to knoe,
As able is to rid from strife
This carcasse bare, and woe?

The state itselfe is nothing sure,
Full soone doth vade away:
No earthly thing doth long endure,
But once it doth decay.

Why then is man so loth to goe,
This fickle life to leaue?
Sith he so well the state doth know,
He doth himselfe deceaue.

The pompeous state and worldly welth
Doth many mindes so blinde,
That when they should accomptes repay,
Most farthest are behinde.

The birde, that in the cage doth sing
Sometimes both shrill and cleere,
In ayrie skye with better note,
As doth full well appeere;

Because his kinde is there to be
If he the cage may scape:
Most ioyfull then beginnes his laye;
No more for feare doth quake.

But man's regard is nothing so,
The cage of sinne to flie:
The greater plague doth oft ensue
When that the poore doth crie.
For many goods so well doth loue,
They care not how they get;
So they may haue to serue their mindes
Their whole desire is set.

LXIX.

WILLIAM BROXUP.

STANZAS

From "St. Peter's Path to the Joyes of Heauen."

Rise, sinfull man, looke on the heauenly light,
Bee not by Sathan to hel's bondage brought:
Let not despairing thoughts thy soule affright
To 'stroy thy treasure Christ so deerely bought:
Say not, with Cain, The Lorde cannot forgiue;
His oyle of grace will thy sicke soule relieue.
His life-preseruing mercy passeth all
The glorious workes that euer he did make;
For whosoeuer faithfully doth call
On his great Name, he neuer doth forsake;
Though skarlet sinnes thy soule doe ouergrow,
Yet his sweet blood wil wash them white as snow.
Cast not thy lookes against the sullen ground,
But looke on Christ fast nayled to the crosse;
His death of life did death and hell confound,
And therewithal redeem'd thy greatest losse:
Adam wreckt our soules: Christ was soules' life-beginner:
His blood sau'd thee and me the vildest sinner.

LXX.

BARNABY GOOGE.

THE VNCERTAYNTIE OF LYFE.

No vayner thing ther can be found
  Amyd this vale of stryfe,
As auncient men report haue made,
  Then trust vncertayne lyfe.

This trwe we dayly fynde
  By proofes of many yeares,
And many tymes the trothe is tryed
  By losse of frendly feares.

Hope whoso lyst in lyfe,
  Hath but vncertayne stay;
As tayle of ele, that harder held
  Doth sooner slyde away.

When least we thynk thereof,
  Most neare approacheth it;
And sodaynly possess the place
  Wher lyfe before did sytt.

How many haue byn seen
  In helth to go to rest;
And yet, eare mornying tyde, haue ben
  With cruell death opprest!

How many in their meales
  Haue ioyfully been sett,
That sodaynly in all theyr feasts
  Hath yealded earth theyr dett!

Syth thus the lyfe is nought
That in this world we trust;
And that for all the pompe and pryde
The bodie tournes to dust;

Hope for the lyfe aboue,
Which far surmounteth all:
With vertuous mind await the time
When God for vs doth call.

LXXI.

FRANCIS SABIE.

STANZAS

From "David's Ode."

O GREAT Creator of the starrie pole
And heauenly things;
O mighty Founder of the earthly mole,
Chiefe King of kings;
Whose gentle pardon euermore is nere
To them which crie unfaynedly with feare:
Distrest with sin
I now begin
To come to thee: O Lord, giue eare.

O Lord, look down from thy chrystallin throne
Enuirond round
With seraphins and angels manie one,
Thy praise who sound:
Such fauour, Lord, on me vouchsafe to send
As on thy chosen flock thou doest extend:
To thee alone
I make my mone:
Some pittie, Father, on me send.

Remember, Lord, that it is more then need
To send redresse:
My sore will grow, vnlesse thou help with speed,
Remedilesse:
Therefore in mercie looke down from aboue,
And visit me with thy heart-joying loue:
Alas! I see
No cause in me
Which vnto pittie may thee moue.

LXXII.

ANDREW WILLET.

DIUINA PROUIDENTIA.

JACOB did see a ladder hie,
As he was laid asleepe;
The angels come and go thereby,
Which doe him safely keepe.

We learne hereby in euery way
That God must be our guide,
Or else we soone may go astray;
Our foote is apt to slide.
And as he saw this thing at rest,
So God keepeth vs when we thinke lest.

Ad Pastores otiosos et somnolentos.

The shepheard good doth watche his sheepe,
And from the wolfe them safe doth keepe:
The hireling from his flock doth goe,
And is the first that flieth from foe.

THE pastour which the soules doe feede,
And alwayes teacheth heauenly reede,
And doth not any daunger feare,
Is like the shepheard set foorth here.
But he that onely gaine doth minde,
Leauing his flock and all behinde,
Running away so he safe be,
An idle shepheard sure is he.

LXXIII.

C. T.

Mors, tua mors, Christe,
Fraus mundi, gloria cæli,
Et dolor inferni,
Sunt meditanda tibi.

That Christ did, that thou must die,
The worldly fraude, the heauenly ioy,
The endles bitter paines of hell,
Tosse them, as tennis-balles, in minde.

But hereat some perhaps will sticke,
And say, who alwaies thinkes of death
Shall neuer looke with cheereful face,
But swarte, and wan, and halfe as dead.

Whereby appeares, whom nature hath
Forbidden beautie's siluer show,
To good more prone and ready be
Than they whom nature hath decoerd.

The one, I will not maserate,
Saith he, my plum-round physnomie;
My straight-made lims I will not crooke,
To think of death, of deuill, or God.

The other saith, My fauour is harde,
My body croukte, of all despisde;
The world I leaue; it loues not me;
I ioy to think on heauenly things.

The happy blessed man
Doth loth this worldly life;
The wicked stryues in what he can
To whet still pleasure's knife.

The wicked wighte bewailes the sight
Of deadly naked dart;
To blessed plight it bringes delight
Who gently yeeldes his hart.

LXXIV.

HENRY WILLOBIE.

THE PRAISE OF A CONTENTED MINDE.

The God that framde the fixed pole
And lamps of gleaming light,
The azure skies and twinkling starres,
To yeeld this pleasant sight;

In wisdome pight this peerelesse plot,
A rare surpassing frame;
And so with braue and sweet delights
Haue fraught and dect the same;

That euery creature keepes his course,
His compasse and his place,
And with delightfull ioye doth runne
His 'pointed time and place.

In one consent they friendly ioyne,
From which they cannot fall,
As if the Lord had first ordained
One soule to guide them all.

In euery part there doth remaine
Such loue and free consent;
That euery frame doth kisse his lot,
And cries, "I am content."

LXXV.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

Wel were it with mankinde, if what the most
Did like were best; but ignorance will liue
By others' square, as by example lost:
And man to man must th' hand of feruour giue,
That none can fall alone at their owne cost;
And al because men iudge not, but beleeue.

For what poore bounds haue they whom but the earth?
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got reliues not, but confounds,
Hauing but trauell to succeed their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and griefe his gaines?

Gath'ring, incroching, wresting, ioyning to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repayring, altring, and so much adoe,
To his soule's toile and bodie's trauelling:
And all this dooth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th' inheriting.

And his faire house, rais'd hie in enuie's eie,
Whose pillars rear'd, perhaps, on bloud and wrong,
The spoyles and pillage of iniquitie,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walles of pietie,
Shall the profanest piles of sinne keepe strong?

How many prowd aspiring pallaces
Haue we knowne made the prey of wrath and pride,
Leuell'd with the earth, left to forgetfulnes,
Whilst titlers their pretended rights deride,
Or ciuil tumults, or an orderlesse
Order, pretending change of some strong side!

Then where is that prowde title of thy name,
Written in yce of melting vanitie?
Where is thine heire left to possesse the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggarie:
Something may rise to be beyond the shame
Of vile and vnreguarded pouerty.

THE VANITY OF FAME.

Alas! poore fame, in what a narrow roome
As an incaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst vs, where euen as good be dumbe
As speake, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?

Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little point, this scarce discerned ile,
Thrust from the world, with whome our speech vnknowne
Made neuer any traffic of our stile?
And is this all, where all this care is sowne,
T' inchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue wonne so much,
Thinke you to make your barbarous language such?

Poore narrow limites for so mighty paines,
That cannot promise any forraine vent!

And yet if here to all your wondrous vaines
Were generally known, it might content:
But loe, how many reades not or disdaines
The labours of the chief and excellent!

LXXVI.

R. D.

STANZAS

From "An Exhortation to England to ioine for defense of true religion and their native countrie."

Awake, each English wight,
Both high and low, awake;
Feare not the froward boasting bragges
That forraine foes do make;

Conspiring your distresse
For sticking to the troth,
And for refourming the abuse
Of such as liued in sloth.

But way the rightfull grounde
And state wherein you stand,
And mark the accursed cruell cause
That they doe take in hand.

You doe your sacred faith
And countrie's soyle defend:
T' abolish faith and conquer you
They surely doe intend.

Each cause of yours may cause
Your hart great comfort take;
Each cause of theirs may iustly cause
Their coward heart to quake.

LXXVII.

T. PROCTOR.

A MIRROR OF MUTABILITY.

Shall clammy clay shrowd such a gallant gloze?
Must beauty braue be shrined in dankish earth?
Shall crawling wormes devoure such liuely showes of yong delights,
When valyant corps shall yeeld the latter breath?
Shall pleasures vade? must puffing pride decay?
Shall flesh consume? must thought resigne to clay?

Shall haughty hart haue hire to his desart?
Must deep desire die drenchd in direfull dread?
Shall deeds lewd dun in fine reap bitter smart?
Must each one vade, when life shall leave us dead?
Shall lands remayne? must wealth be left behinde?
Is sence depriv'd, when flesh in earth is shrinde?

Seeke then to shun the snares of vayne delight,
Which moves the mind in youth from vertue's lore:
Leave of the vaunt of pride and manly might,
Sith all must yeeld when death the flesh shall gore;
And way these wordes: as soone for to be sold
To market cums the yonge sheepe as the olde.

No trust in time: our dayes uncertayne bee;
Like as the flower bedect with splendant hue,

Whose gallant show soon dride with heat wee see
Of scorching beames, though late it brauely grew:
We all must yeeld; the best shall not denye;
Unsure is death; yet certayn wee shall dye.

Although a while we vaunt in youthful yeares,
In yonge delightes wee seeme to live at rest;
We subiect bee to griefe; eche horror feares
The valiaunst harts, when death doth daunt the brest.
Then use thy talent here unto thee lent,
That thou mayst well account how it is spent.

LXXVIII.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

CHARITIE.

. . . Charitie is the only staffe and stay
To all estates; for where she stoutly stands,
She sets all free, and breaketh bondage-bands:

Forgiues great sinnes, and suffers many a wrong;
She giues a badge that euery Christian weares;
And in all worlds hir liurey lasteth long:
It garded is all round about with teares,
And she hirselfe a branch of oliue beares,
In signe of peace, and mercie mixt with grace,
That pitie takes of eurie rufull case.

This charitie giues as much as men may craue,
And soone forgets the bounties she bestowes;
Takes great delight the life of man to saue
By vertue of good turnes that from hir floes,
Whose sent is like the white and sweet red rose:
For all hir giftes and graces beares such flowres,
That makes poor men to laugh when fortune lowres.

On charitie the hungrie dailie feeds,
As lambes and sheepe in fruitfull pastures liue:
She giues few words where she bestoes good deeds;
The more we neede, the sooner will she giue:
As corn from chaffe is sifted through the siue,
So shee tries out from dust and drosse the gold,
As wisdome doth the woorth of men vnfold.

This charitie is first that fauour findes,
And shall be last, that wins our world's good-will,

Begot by grace, and nurst in noble mindes,
That staies and stands vpon their honor still:
'Tis seen far off, as torch is on an hill;
Felt near at hand, and found out by the light
Which in darke daies doth glad ech good man's sight.

When fortune's wrath hath wounded many a wight,
She brings a boxe of balm to heal ech sore,
That makes sad mind and heauie hart so light,
It neuer thinks on wretched chance no more.
If charitie like victor goes before,
Come after hir, proud world, with all thy braues!
Like conqueror she triumphs on hir slaues.

VERSES FITTE FOR EUERY ONE TO KNOWE AND CONFESSE.

To bed I goe from you—
God knowes when I shall rise;
Night's darknes bids the day adue,
Till morning glads the skies.

The bed presents the graue:
In shrowding sheetes we lie;
The flattring boulster that we haue
Is stuft to please the eye.

The blankets are greene grasse,
That growes when we are gone;
The pillowes with sun-beames do passe
For pilgrimes to looke on.

The couerlet is care,
That clothes vs whilst we liue;
The bed-staues gentill scourges are,
That doth vs warnings giue.

The bedstocke and the tycke,
And all belongs to bed,
Is but vaine pleasures that we like
To please a wanton head.

Sleepe is of death the shape,
To shewe man's substance small:
As earth doth for the body gape,
So death will haue vs all.

Then liue as thou shouldst die,
When God shall please to stricke:
The graue whereon our bodies lie,
And bed, are both alike.

But sure, when sences sleepe
From labour, toyle, and paine,
The soule for feare doe wayle and weepe,
'Till man awake againe.

Death waites so hard at hand,
When soundest sleepe we haue,
That all our state doth doubtfull stand
Till body be in graue.

Man shortens his own dayes,
And so doth weare and wast
By wilful stepes and wicked wayes,
That cuts of life in hast.

Sleepe is a step to death,
And time that weares full fast;
Life waites no longer on the breath
Then bloud and health doth last.

When candell waxeth dimme,
Or neere the socket drawes,
Man's goodly glistring glory trimme
Declines by kindly cause.

Then aged syres, like me,
Small tarrying haue you heere ;
When faulters shall examined be,
They buy their folly deere.

In bed that brings no rest
Those strange euents we find,
When roling vp and downe the brest,
Sad thoughts bodes heauy mind.

The bed breedes dreames and toys,
That idell fancie brings ;
More vaine than rash are earthly ioyes,
That hinders heauenly things.

The soundest sleepe of all
In Abrahame's bosome is :
Heere ioy is mixt with bitter gall,
And there gall turnes to blisse.

To bed goe in these bounds,
As babes in cloutes are layd,
To rise with Christ when trumpet sounds,
Who hath our ransome paid.

LXXIX.

MICHAEL COSOWARTH.

PSALME XXX.

Sence thou has not, O Lord, left me to lye
A scorn to foes in my o'rwhelmed right,
But hast exalted up my head on hye,
Of thee my songe shal be, and of thy might.

When I cryd for thy all-relevinge ayde,
Thou didst restore to ioye my sade distresse:
When at the grave my soule for entrance stayd,
From grave thou didst returne my heavinesse.

O singe, therefore, due praises to the Lord;
You blessed saints, do you his praises singe:
Do you the holynesse with thankes record,
Which doth belong to this our heavenly Kinge.

For he no long tyme doth his ire prolonge,
His frowninge wrath within a while is dead,
When then, as if he'd done me wretch a wronge,
In's smilinge brow glad life is pictured.

This did my whyninge life endure awhile,
Whilst th' earth was buried with an evening's shade;
But when the morning's light began to smile,
My ioy did come, and all my woe did fade.

And when things flowed to my full content,
And blind prosperitye on me attended,
Now shall these ioyes, quoth I, which God hath sent,
Now shall these lastinge ioyes be never ended.

For thou, deere Lord, ev'n thou of tender love,
And of that goodnesse which doth dwell in thee,
As with a mountaine which can never move,
Stand fast about the moovinge state of mee.

Therewith he turned his milder face aside,
And all with turned thoughts besteed was I;
And every thought a world of woes implyed,
Which strayned forth from me this dolefull crye:

Ah, Lord! if to the ground downe sunck I were,
What price is in my bloud to proffett thee?
If thou disrobe me of th' earthe's tyre I weare,
Can thy great praises then be songue by mee?

O can the mute and the untounged dust,
Which in th' eternall house of death doth dwell,
Consum'd with wormes and ever-eatinge rust,—
O can the dust of thy great gloryes tell?

O heare me then, O Lord! O Lord, me heare,
And send some mercyes, Lord, some mercyes send;
O let thy saving health betymes appeare,
And give my woes unto an happy end.

But thou has turnd about my murninge songe;
New tuns of ioye have drowned up my sadness,
And for the sacke which shrouded me so longe,
Thou hast clothed my soule with never-weering
gladnes.

LXXX.

G. ELLIS.

STANZAS

From "The Lamentation of the Lost Sheepe."

Oh why should man, that bears the stamp of heauen,
So much abase heauen's holy will and pleasure?
Or why was sence and reason to him giuen,
That in his sinne cannot containe a measure,
But still neglects his soule's celestiall treasure?
He knowes he must account for euery sinne,
And yet committeth sins that countless bin.

This to peruse, deare God, doth kill my soule,
But that thy mercie quickeneth it againe:
Oh heare me, Lorde, in bitternesse of dole,
That of my sinnes do prostrate heere complaine,
And for the same poure forth my teares amaine,
And at thy feete with Marie knock for grace,
Though wanting Marie's teares to wet my face.

She, happy sinner, saw her life misse-led,
At sight whereof her inward heart did bleede;
To witnesse with her outward teares were shed:
Oh blessed saint, and oh most blessed deed!
For on the teares of sinners angels feede.
But wretched I, that see more teares than shee,
Nor grieue within, nor yet weepe outwardly.

When she had lost thy presence but one day,
The want was such her hart could not sustaine;
But to thy tombe alone she tooke her waie,

And there with mournfull sighes she did complaine,
And down her face teares trickled like the raine.
Nor from her sence once stird or moued was she,
Vntill againe she got a sight of thee.

But I haue lost thy presence all my daies,
And still am slacke to seeke thee as I should;
My wretched soule in wicked sinne so stayes,
I am vnmeet to seeke thee, though I would;
I haue so strayed from thee in by-waies.
Yet if I could with teares thy comming tend,
I know I should, as she, finde thee my friend.

No, no! the secret Searcher of all harts
Both sees and knowes the deeds that I haue done;
And for each deed will pay me home with smarts:
No shew can shaddow what I haue misdone,
No place can serue his will decreed to shunne.
I should deceiue myselfe to think that he
For sinne would punish others, and not me.

Our first-borne sire, first breeder of man's thrall,
For one bare sinne was of perfection reft;
And all mankinde was banisht by his fall
From paradice, and vnto sorrowe left,
And former comfort was from him bereft.
If he for one, and all for him feele paine,
Then for so many what shall I sustaine?

The angels, made to attend on God in glory,
Were thrust from heauen, and onely for one sinne,
That but in thought, (for so records the story,)
For which they still in lasting darkenesse bin,
And cannot sunne's bright shining comfort win.
If these once glorious thus tormented be,
I, poor lost sheepe, what will become of me?

What will become of me, that not in thought,
In thought alone, but in each word and deede

A thousand thousand deadly sinnes haue wrought,
And still do worke, whereat my hart doth bleed,
Being by sinne out of the right way led?
Which makes me thus bewaile, lament, and grieue;
For griefe and sorrow must my cares relieue.

* * * * *

From the green pastures, mounts, and meades,
And from the cristall current of heauen's ioies,
The woolfe hath cast me, and foule errour leades
My soone seduced steps to such annoies,
That where I feed my staruing food destroies.
Seeke me, deere Shepherd; else I shall be lost,
From blessed vales to thornes and thistles tost.

Oh seeke me, Christ, as once thy mercie sought
Downe-falling Dauid from thy mountaine's lawes;
Oh seeke thine own, thine own whom thou hast bought,
And keepe me from the draggon's open iawes,
Where sinne betraies for euerie slender cause.
For from the treasure of thy sacred side
Thou paidst the ransome of accursed pride.

With shame-sick Adam haue I hid my head,
Vnparadiz'd from my angell-like state,
And from the presence of thy Father fled,
My soule sepultur'd in my bodie's hate.
My heape of sinnes hath bard that blessed gate
Was op'ned wide by that deep sluce was made
Within that wound, where mercie's balm was laid.

Paine-pearced Shepheard, master of that fold,
Old Israell brought into thy spatious field;
For which thy selfe thy glorious selfe hath sold,
Making a dearth such store of manna yeeld,
With which the parcht and desart plaines were fild;

That where thy lambs from sweet repast were
driuen,
They banket with celestiall food from heauen.

Thou drankest freting vinegar with gall,
To make their bitter waters hunny-sweete:
That spungy moysture, that in deadly thrall
For thy pale lips the sonnes of men thought meete:
From such a holy Shepheard who would fleete?
None but myselfe, who, hauing lost my marke,
Wander alone in shame's despised darke.

Behold my feete intangled in the bryers,
And enuious brambles teare my fleece away:
To loose them, Lord, my gasping soule desires,
Least to the rauens I become a praie:
Such fruit they reape that runne so farre astraie.
Then on thy shoulders take me to thy folde,
The sheep whom thou hast bought, and Sathan
solde.

Fiue tallents didst thou paie, whereon was fram'd
The seale of death, imprest with crimson bloud;
Two in thy hands, two in thy feete remainde,
One in thy side. These bought that heauenly food,
That feeds the soule with his eternall good.
Oh bring me then, sweet Christ, where I may
feed
On that for which I sigh, and thou didst bleed!

LXXXI.

ELIZABETH GRYMESTON.

PSALME LI.

Miserere mei, Deus.

Have mercy, O good God, on me,
In greatnesse of thy grace:
O let thy mercies manifolde
My many faults deface.

Foule, filthy, loathsome, vgly sinne
Hath so defiled me:
With streames of pity wash me cleane,
Els cleane I cannot be.

Too well my foule uncleansed crimes
Remembrance do renew;
Too plaine in anguish of my heart
They stand before my view.

To thee alone, O Lord, to thee,
These euils I haue done,
And in thy presence: woe is me
That ere they were begun!

But since thou pardon promisest,
Where heart's true ruth is showen;
Sheu now thy mercies vnto me,
To make thy iustice knowen:

That such as do infringe thy grace,
Be made asham'd and shent;
As rife thy mercies to beholde,
As sinners to repent.

With fauour view my foule defects:
In crimes I did beginne;
My nature bad; my mother fraile;
Conceiu'd I was in sinne.

But since thyself affectest trueth,
And trueth itselfe is thee,
I truely hope to haue thy grace,
From sinne to set me free:

Since to the faithfull thou before
The secret science gaue,
Whereby to know what thou wouldst spend
The sinfull world to saue;

Whose heauenly hysope, sacred drops,
Shall me besprinckle so,
That it my sinne-defiled soule
Shall wash more white than sno.

O when mine eares receiue the sound
Of such my soule's release,
How do sinne-laden limmes reioyce
At heart's true ioye's encrease!

From my misdeeds retire thy sight;
View not so foule a staine;
First wipe away my spots impure,
Then turn thy face againe.

A cleane and vndefiled heart,
O God, create in me;
Let in me, Lord, of righteousnesse
A spirit infused be.

From that most glorious face of thine
O cast me not away;
Thy Holy Ghost vouchsafe, O God,
With me that it may stay.

The ioy of thy saluation, Lord,
Restore to mee againe;

And with the spirit of graces cheefe
Confirme it to remaine:
That when at thy most gracious hand
My sutes receiued be,
The impious I may instruct,
How they may turn to thee.
For when, O Lord, I am releast
From vengeance and from bloud,
How ioyfull I shall speake of thee,
So gracious and so good!
The Lord wilt giue me leaue to speak,
And I thy praise will shew;
For so thy graces do require,
Thou doest on me bestow.
If thou sinne-offrings hast desired,
As wonted were to be,
How gladly those for all my illes
I would haue yeelded thee!
But thou accepts in sacrifice
A sorrowing soul for sinne;
Despising not the heart contrite,
And humble minde within.
Deale graciously, O louing Lord,
In thy free bounty will,
With Zion, thy deare spouse on earth,
And fortifie it still:
That so thou mayest thence receiue
That soueraigne sacrifice
From altar of all faithful hearts,
Deuoutly where it lies.
To thee, O Father, glory be,
And glory to the Sonne,
And glory to the Holy Ghost
Eternally be done.

LXXXII.

THOMAS LLOYD.

THE INCONSTANCY OF YOUTH.

The retchlesse race of youth's inconstant course,
Which weeping age with sorrowing teares behoulds;
Their wretched will, their wofull sorrows' source;
Their wanton wits, their errors manifoldes,
Hath reard my muse, whose springs wan care had dried,
To warne them flie the dangers I haue tried.

From cradle's rock when childish I had crept,
And, May-like young, of pleasure 'gan to taste,
Seeing my fatall course, my reason wepte:
Toyes were my triumphes, will my woorth did waste,
And in the seas of pleasure whilst I sayld,
Small were my fruites, and yet my youth was quailde.

And now 'gan man-like vigor fill myne arme;
My harte was warmde with courage fit for loue:
Like wanton bird, exempt from fowler's charme,
I soard aloft; but looking from aboue,
I saw on earth a fowler heauenly faire,
That made hir nets the trammels of hir haire.

Then, loe! my pompous plannes were layd apart;
Hir eyes were loadstars in this worldlie way;
My thoughts hir thraule, her prisoner was my heart:
But for my paines what payment but delay?
A lingring life I liude, to sorrow soulde,
A foe to wit, through follies waxing oulde.

When chillie age had seasure of this earth,
I felt a wound of sorrow in my brest;
I saw how iudgement quite was spoiled by death;
How vertue's seedes by errors was suppresst.
I cast the count, and see what I haue gotten:
Time lost; wits wast; and limmes with surfets rotten.

Now see I well that trauell is mispent,
Except in vertue it be well imployed:
What I in loue, had I in learning spent,
Oh what a ioy had wearie age enioyed!
Had I forseene the wastfull course of time,
I then had made my haruest in my prime.

But now, when feeble footsteps are allied
Vnto the graue, this sinfull bodie's hould;
I cannot practise, though I haue espyed
The way of worth, the grace exceeding gould.
What only rests sweete young men that shall follow,
I know the sourse, and now will teach the shallow.

Preuent the time, the dayes are full of danger;
Whilst youthfull vigor yeelds you furtherance,
Make reason guide; let follie be a straunger;
Vertue is perfected by art and vsance:
Enritch your mindes with skill; for why? they must
Remaine eterne, when boddie is but dust.

Let not your eyes infeebled be by sinne;
Cut short presumption, for it will aspire;
Who takes aduice, amendment dooth begin:
Subdue your wils, and maister your desire.
A modest coat, chaste thoughts, and studious artes,
Adorne the boddie, minde, and inward partes.

LXXXIII.

THOMAS DRANT.

JEREMIE'S PRAYER.

REMEMBRE, Lorde, what hath betyde
To vs; beholde and see
Our opprobryes, and what they are,
And eeke are lyke to be.

Our heritaunce is cut of quyte,
And turnde to folke prophaine;
Our houses by the aliauntes,
The barberouse, is tayne.

Our mothers, sillie as they be,
Like wydowes sytt alone:
Orphanes are we, pore orphanes we,
And father haue we none.

We boughte the water whiche we druncke;
For wood our coyne we payde;
Our neckes were hamperde vnder yoke,
Restlesse, fainte, and ill stayde.

To Egipte and Assiria
Our hande of league we lente;
That we might haue a smal of bread,
Our carcas to contente.

Our parentes, they transgreste thy law,
And now they are no more;
And we their burthynouse offence
And masse of trespasse bore.

Slaues ruled vs, and none woulde ryd
Vs from their handes and gyues:
We earnde our bread with extreme toyle,
And hasarde of our liues.

Because of wastefull sworde, that from
The deserte did issue,
Our skinne is blacke through pauling pyne.
And like to soote in hue.

The wedded wyfes in Tsion towne
Were wickedlie defeilde;
And Juda's virgins were deflourde,—
All chastitie exilde.

The princes and the potentates
Are hanged by the handes;
No man in feare or reuerence
Of elder's vysage standes.

Our yonge men, lyke to vylaine thrawles,
In drudgerie did grinde;
Our children, babes infortunate,
To gallowes were assignde.

The elders rauishte from the gates,
The yonge men from their songes;
Our ioyful harte is gone, our daunce
Is whyninge at our wronges.

Our glittringe crowne, our temple braue,
The Lorde did quyte fordoe:
Woe, euer woe! and out, alas!
That we haue sinned so.

Our hearte with sadnesse is surchargde,
Our eyes can see no whit;
Because Mounte Tzion is forsakte,
And foxes run on it.

But thou, O Lorde, for euer standes;
Aye duringe is thy throne:
Why doste thou stil forsake vs, Lorde,
Still leauinge vs alone?

Turne, O Lorde, turne thee vnto vs,
That we maye turne to thee;
And may our dayes, as at the firste,
From sinne and mischiefes free.

But thou haste clearely caste vs of,
And mells with vs no more:
Thou arte, no doubte, Lorde, throughlie chafte,
And angerde verye sore.

LXXXIV.

R. THACKER.

A GODLIE DITTIE

TO BE SONG FOR THE PRESERUATION OF THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIE'S RAIGNE.

All English hearts, rejoyce and sing,
That feares the Lord, and loues our Queene;
Yeeld thanks to God our heauenly King,
Who hytherto hir guide hath been.
With faithfull hartes, O God! we raue,
Long life on earth her grace may haue!
We laud and prayse
His name allwayes,
Who doth our Queene defend;
And still we pray
God night and day,
To keep her to the end.
Thou, Fame, flye out,
Send all about,
How that with hart and voice,
In spite of those
That bee her foes,
This day we doe rejoyce.

As Dauid may, her grace may say—
If open foes an oath had sworne,
To seeke her life with bloodie knife,
It might the better haue been borne:
But those to whom she bare good will,
With spite did seeke her blood to spill.
We laude and prayse, etc.

A Judith just shee still hath beene;
A louing prince to subjects all;
She is our good and gracious queene:
Lord, bless her that shee neuer fall
In any danger of hir foes;
But safely keepe her, Lord, from those.
We laude and prayse, etc.

Confound them all that wickedlie
Pretend her hurt in any part;
O Lord, make known their villanie,
That they may haue their due desart:
That all the worlde may knowe and see
That thou dost hate their treacherie.
We laude and prayse, etc.

Devide, O Lorde! and make a spoyle
Of them and all they have possesst;
As thou hast giuen some the foyle,
Like guerdon graunt to all the rest,
That wish or will to worke her woe—
Thy anger, Lorde, upon them shoe.
We laude and prayse, etc.

If on our side God had not beene,
When traitours sought much blood to spill,
This day of joy we had not seene,
But had been subject to their will.
But God doth aye all those defend,
That on him doe only depend.
We laude and prayse, etc.

Let belles ring out; let joy abounde;
Let earth and ayre bee fild with noyse;
Let drommes strike vp, let trumpets sound,
Let musicke sweete shew foorth our joys:
And let vs all with one accord,
To see this day, joy in the Lord
We laude and prayse, etc.

LXXXV.

ANONYMOUS.

THE TEARES OF OUR SAUIOUR IN THE GARDEN.

The meeke and gentle pledge of mortall peace,
Christ Jesus had receiued the Paschall Lambe;
His holy trayne, vnto their ioyes encrease,
Had reapt the fruites, and tasted of the same:
The grace was sayd, the night approached on,
The fatall night, the night of care and moane:

When as kind Christ with his disciples went
Vnto the farme-house of Gethsemane;
And feeling heapes of sorrow and lament
Afflict his heart like to the troubled sea,
Forth wends he with three followers for to pray;
The rest he wild them there awhile to stay.

Along he walkes, and still his woe encreaseth,
Whiles Peter weepes to see his Master sory;
Yet matchlesse Christ his sorrow nere surceaseth;
So feruent griefe engirts the King of Glory:
The sonnes of Zebede with teares bewaile him,
Yet more and more his moanes doe still assaile him.

Oh reuerent browes with agony perplexed,
Loe bloud and gastly sweate together mixed;
The heart with horrour, care, and griefe is vexed;
The flesh is frayle, the eyes with feare is fixed:
O rent my soule in thought of his distresse,
Who dain'd these griefes thy dangers to redresse.

But when he felt no measure of his moane,
" My soule," saith he, " is heauy vnto death ;
Then stay my friends, for I will walk alone;
But watch and pray, whiles you inioy your breath."
So foorth he went, and flat vpon his face
With pittious plaints implor'd his Father's grace.

And thus he prayed : " O Father, God of light,
If it may be, let this vnseasoned cup
Of sorrow passe, that doth my soule affright :
For why ? in griefe my heart is swallowed vp :
Yet not my will, but euen thy will be done,
Through whom by me this worke was first begun."

Long lay he feeding on his wofull languish,
And in his cryes redoubled oft the same :
At last, forgetting of his baleful anguish,
He rose, and straight to his disciples came ;
Who, through their cares and pittious teares there wept,
Without suspect of harmes securely slept.

But he, the carefull Shepheard of his flocke,
Seeing the day of daungers neere at hand,
The foe of man prepar'd his sheep to yoake,
With tender care their mischiefs did withstand :
And waking them, he sayd vpon that stowre :
" What ! can you not keep watch with me one houre ?

O watch and pray ; temptations are too nye ;
The spirit willes, and yet the flesh saies, nay."
With that the teares of pitty foorth did flye :
O words and tears which mercy did bewray !
And now the second charge approacheth on,
And, pensiue, Christ alone to pray is gone.

As sturdy trees with murmuring noyse lament
The northerne windes outragious blasts that's gone:
As flowers doe waile when sommer daies are spent,
To see theyr pride by nipping frostes vndone;
  As day doth lowre, depriu'd of sunne's delight,
  And night complaines, when moone reflects no light;
As he laments who neuer hopes for grace;
As lookes the man that loathes his eyes haue sight:
As sighes the wofulsts braunch of mortall race,
Compare their paines, their hope, their small delight;
  Yea, thinke more woes than we haue wayes to wring,
  And thinke by them what cares did Jesus sting.
His browes, the tables where our peace is written,
With purple bloud and amber sweate were stain'd;
His heauy lookes disclosed the heart was bitten;
His weeping eyes his wofull state complain'd;
  His folded armes, his reuerent knees that bended,
  His hydious harmes and endlesse care intended.
Here stands dispaire, that shold haue swallowed man,
And threatneth him with death for our offences;
Sinne with recountlesse shapes afflictes him, than
Hell shewes the horrour, Sathan his pretences:
  Meanwhile our Lord, that neuer thought on ill,
  Endurde those threatning plagues to saue vs still.
O were each thought transformed to a pen;
And euery pen of power to write an age;
And euery age could take his forme agen;
And euery forme did serue but for a page;
  All would not serue—then sigh, and say thou this,—
  Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus beneficiis?

The hostes of heauen were moued with his moane,
Whilst he with teares his Father's grace implores;
And euery period was a bitter groane—
Euen thus the Sonne of God his Lord adores:
"Father, if thou wilt now remooue from me
This cup: if not, thy will fulfilled be."

Heerewith th' imperiall gates of heauen began
To open wide, and from the brightsome throane
Of Him who ruled the world, and fashion'd man,
An angell bright with wauing wings is gone,
And there alights, where as the God of light
Lay quite dismayed, and rob'd of all delight.

As seamen smiles when after stormy blasts
The radiant sunne commaunds the warring windes,
And trimmes his tackles, and repayres his masts,
And mends each leake that he by searching findes;
So fares distressed Christ, when he did view
The lip of heauen, his onely sorrow's dew.

He gathered his distempered sprites in one,
Whilst that the angels whispered in his eare
His Father's will: then lifts he vp anonn
His reuerend head, and 'gan his eyes to cleare;
And foorth he walkes, and at the becke againe
The angell parts, and hasteth thence amaine.

Arriued there where his disciples lay,
He found them sleeping through their cares fore-
past,
And thus bespake: "Why sleep you? rise and
pray,
For why? temptations doe approach vs fast."
His pensiue traine were whist, and could not
tell
How to excuse the slouth in them did dwell.

Againe from them vnto his prayer he goes,
Loosing the fountaines of his eyes at large;
His restles limbes vpon the earth he throwes,
And thus with sighes his prayers he doth discharge:
"O Father, looke, looke, Father, on my sheepe,
That thou hast lent thy pensiue Sonne to keep:

O loue them, Lord; for why? the world disdaines them;
And why? because they are not worldly-minded:
Th' hard-hearted wolues hereafter oft will paine them;
Oh helpe their wants; Lord, let them not be blinded:
For them I weep, for them I shed my teares;
Father, regard my suite with open eares.

Let them whose sinnes exceede the sandy seas,
Whose hope is drown'd, whose heart is stain'd with feares,
Euen by my death thy bitter wrath appease;
Father, for them I shed these brinish teares—
O let my weeping wound thine eares diuine,
And mooue compassion for these flockes of mine."

Heere ceast his teares and prayers: for why? the houre
Of griefe and death approached neere at hand;
So forth he hastes vpon that helpless stoure,
And found his followers sleeping on the land:
"Sleep hardly," saith he, "take your ease at will,
The houre is come of sorrow and of ill.

The Sonne of man already is betrayed
To sinners' hands: arise, and let vs goe."
With that, with hearts appal'd and quite dismayed,
They all arose to tend the houre of woe;
Whilst traiterous Judas with his traine appeares,
Armed with staues, with clubs, and warlike speares.

The cursed out-cast of the twelue betray'd
His heauenly Master by a cursed kisse:
His foes to touch his person were affraide—
Short tale to tell, our Lord supprised is,
And bound with bonds, unto the place is led,
Where all the high priests dwelt vpon that sted.

THE DESCRIPTION OF HEAUENLY IERUSALEM.

My thirsty soule desires her drought
At heauenly fountaines to refresh;
My prysoned minde would fayne be out
Of chaynes and fetters of the flesh.

She looketh vp vnto the state
From whence she downe by sin did slide;
She mournes the more the good she lost,
For present euill she doth abide.

She longs from rough and dangerous seas
To harbour in the hauen of blisse;
Where safely anchor at her ease,
And store of sweet contentment is.

From banishment she more and more
Desires to see her countrey deare;
She sits and sends her sighes before—
Her ioyes and treasures all be there.

From Babilon she would returne
Vnto her home and towne of peace,
Ierusalem, where ioyes abound,
Continue still, and neuer cease.

There blustering winter neuer blowes,
Nor sommer's parching heate doth harme;
It neuer freezeth there, nor snowes;
The weather's euer temperate warme.

The trees doe blossome, bud, and beare;
The birds doe euer chirpe and sing;
The fruit is mellow all the yeare:
They haue an euerlasting spring.

The pleasant gardens euer keep
Their hearbes and flowers fresh and greene;
All sorts of dainty plants and fruites
At all times there are to be seene.

* * * * *

The riuer, wine most perfect flowes,
More pleasant than the honnycombe;
Vpon whose bankes the sugar growes,
Enclosed in reedes of sinamon.

Her walles of jasper stones be built,
Most rich and fayre that euer was;
Her streetes and houses pau'd and gilt
With gold more cleare then christall glasse.

Her gates in equall distance be,
And each a glistering margarite,
Which commers in farre off may see—
A gladsome and a glorious sight.

Her sunne doth neuer clipse nor cloude;
Her moone doth neuer wax nor wane:
The Lambe with light hath her endued,
Whose glory pen cannot explaine.

The glorious saintes her dwellers be,
In numbers more then men can thinke;
So many in a company
As loue in likeness doth them linke.

The starres in brightnes they surpasse;
In swiftnes, arrowes from a bowe;
In strength, in firmnes, steele or brasse;
In brightnes, fire; in whitnes, snow.

Theyr cloathing are more softe then silke,
With girdles gilt of beaten golde;
They in their hands, as white as milke,
Of palme triumphant branches holde.

Theyr faces, shining like the sunne,
Shoot forth their glorious gladsome beames:
The field is fought; the battle won;
Their heads be crown'd with diademes.

Reward as vertue different is;
Distinct their ioyes and happines;
But each in ioy of other's blisse
Doth as his owne the same possesse.

So each in glory doe abound,
And all their glories doe excell:
But where as all to each redound,
Who can th' exceeding glory tell?

Triumphant warriers you may heare
Recount their daungers which doe cease;
And noble citizens euerywhere
Their happy gaines of ioy and peace.

* * * * *

The King that heauenly pallace rules
Doth beare vpon his golden shield
A crosse in signe of tryumph, gules
Erected in a uerdant field.

His glory such as doth behoue
Him in his manhood for to take,
Whose Godhead earth and heauen aboue,
And all that dwell therein, did make.

Like friends, all partners are in blisse,
With Christ their Lord and Master deare;
Like spouses they the bridegroome kisse,
Who feasteth them with heauenly cheare:

With tree of life, and manna sweete,
Which taste doth such a pleasure bring,
As none to iudge thereof be meete,
But they which banquet with the King.

With cherubins their wings they mooue,
And mount in contemplation hye;
With seraphins they burne in loue,
The beames of glory be so nygh.

O sweet aspect; vision of peace;
Happy regard and heauenly sight;
O endlesse ioy without surcease;
Perpetuall day which hath no night!

O well of weale; fountaine of life;
A spring of euerlasting blisse;
Eternal sunne; resplendant light;
And eminent cause of all that is!

River of pleasure; sea of delight;
Garden of glory euer greene;
O glorious glasse, and mirrour bright,
Wherein all truth is clearly seene!

O princely pallace, royall court;
Monarchall seate; emperiall throne!
Where King of kings, and Soueraigne Lord,
For euer ruleth all alone:

Where all the glorious saints doe see
The secrets of the Deity;
The Godhead one, in persons three,
The super-blessed Trinity.

The depth of wisdome most profound,
All puisant high sublimity;
The breadth of loue without all bound,
In endlesse long eternity.

The heauy earth belowe by kinde
Alone ascends the mounting fire:
Be this the centor of my minde,
And lofty spheare of her desire.

The chafed deare doth take the foyle;
The tyred hare the thickes and wood:
Be this the comfort of my toyle,
My refuge, hope, and soueraigne good.

The merchant cuts the seas for gaine;
The soldier serueth for renowne;
The tyllman plowes the ground for graine:
Be this my ioy and lasting crowne.

The faulkner seekes to see a flight;
The hunter beates to view the game:
Long thou, my soule, to see this sight,
And labour to enjoy the same.

No one 's without some one delight,
Which he endeauours to attaine:
Seeke thou, my soule, both day and night,
This one, which euer shall remaine.

This one containes all pleasures true—
All other pleasures be but vaine:
Bid thou the rest, my soule, adue,
And seeke this one alone to gaine.

To count the grass vpon the ground,
Or sandes that lye vpon the shore;
And when yee haue the number found,
The ioyes heereof be many more.

More thousand, thousand yeares they last,
And lodge within the happy mynde;
And when so many yeares be past,
Yet more and more be still behinde.

Farre more they be than we can weene;
They doe our iudgment much excell:
No ear hath heard, or eye hath seene;
No pen can write, no tongue can tell.

An angel's tongue cannot recyte
The endlesse ioy of heauenly blisse;
Which, being wholly infinite,
Beyond all speach and writing is.

We can imagine but a shade;
It neuer entred into thought,
What ioyes he hath enioyed, that made
All ioyes, and them that ioy, of nought.

My soule cannot those ioyes contayne:
Let her, Lord, enter into them,
For euer with thee to remayne,
Within thy towne, Ierusalem.

A HEAUENLY PRAYER

IN CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD AND THE VANITIES THEREOF.

O HEAUENLY God, that gouernes euery thing,
Whose power in heauen and in the earth we know;
Thou God, from whom the giftes of grace doe spring,
Attend my suites, who am opprest with woe:
O pitty, God, sweet God, some pitty take,
And clense my soule for Jesus Christ his sake.

I waile the life that I haue led before;
The daies ill-spent, that come into my minde,
Incense my soule with horrour very sore,
And threaten death vnless I fauour finde:
O pitty, God, sweet God, some pitty take,
And clense my soule for Jesus Christ his sake.

My graceless oathes now fade before mine eyes,
My youth ill-spent, and worne by women's guile,
My hidden sinnes, my wofull soule's surprise,
My want of grace once had; and in the while
Cry mercy, Lord, that thou wouldst pitty take,
And clense my soule for Jesus Christ his sake.

O wayward world, that flatterest earthly man
With heauenly ioyes, and bringst him down to hell,
I loath this life: doe thou whatso thou can,
My longing is with God my Lord to dwell,
Who will repent, surely some pitty take,
To clense my soule for Jesus Christ his sake.

LXXXVI.

ANONYMOUS.

MARY MAGDALEN'S SECOND LAMENTATION.

(For the losse of the bodie which shee came to anoint.

But stay, my Muse, I feare my Maister's loue;
The only portion that my fortune left mee,
Would languish in my brest, and childish proue,
Sith warmth to cherish it was quite bereft mee.—
His words, his presence gone, which fed my flame,
And not the ashes left to rake the same.

My spice and ointment shall be then prepar'd,
To pay last tribute of externall duty;
Though others haue thereto deuoutly car'd,
And brought the best in worth, in worke, in beauty;
Yet such desire my duty doth inherit,
That I must yield my loue my latest merit.

My loue each quantitie too little deem'd,
Vnlesse that mine were added thereunto;
Best quantitie too meane, and not esteem'd,
Except with mine it somewhat haue to doe;
No dilligence enough for to applie,
Vnlesse my seruice be unployed by.

Nor doe I thus sharp censure other's deeds,
But 'cause loue makes me couetous of doing:
Though Ioseph's worke no reprehension needs,
Though to my wish his balme he was bestowing,

Yet all he did cannot my loue suffice,
But I must actor be to please mine eyes.

Such is the force of true affection's loue,
To be as eager in effects t' appeare,
As it is zealous feruently to moue
Affections firme to what it holdeth deere:
This loue deuout sets my poore hart on fire,
To shew some deede of my most deepe desire.

And to imbalme his breathlesse corps I came,
As once afore I did annoynt his feete;
And to preserue the rellicks of the same,
The only remnaunt that my blis did meete;
To weep afresh for him in depth of dole,
That lately wept to him for mine owne soule.

But loe, alas! I find the graue wide ope,
The body gone, the empty sindon left;
The hollow tombe I euerywhere doe grope,
To be assurd of what I am sure bereft:
The labour of imbalming is preuented,
But cause of endlesse weeping is augmented.

Hee wanting is vnto my obsequies,
That was not wanting to my ceaselesse teares:
I find a cause to moue my miseries;
To ease my woe no wisht-for ioy appeares.
Though thus I misse whom to annoynt I meant,
Yet haue I found a matter to lament:

I hauing setled all my sole desires
On Christ my loue, who all my loue possest;
In whose rare goodnes my affection fires;
Whom to enioy I other ioyes supprest;
Whose peerelesse worth's vnmatcht of all that liue,
Being had, all ioyes, and lost, all sorrowes giue.

The life of liues, thus murthering in his death,
Doth leaue behind him, lasting to endure,
A generall death to each thing hauing breath,
And his decease our nature hath made pure :
Yet am poore I of ornament bereft,
And all the world without perfection left.

What maruell then if my hart's hot desire
And vehement loue to such a louely Lord
To see life's wrack with scalding sighes aspire,
And for his bodie's losse such woe afford ;
And feele like tast of sorrowe in his misse,
As in his presence I enioyed blisse ?

And though my teares distill'd from moisted eyes
Are rather oyle then water to my flame ;
More apt to nourish sorrowe in such wise,
Then to diminish or abate the same ;
Yet, silly soule, I, plung'd in depth of paine,
Doe yield myselfe a captiue to complaine.

Most true it is that Peter came and Iohn
With me vnto the tombe, to try report ;
They came in hast, and hastily were gone ;
They, hauing searcht, dare make no more resort :
And what gain'd I ? two witnesse of my losse,
Dismaiers of my hope, cause of more crosse.

Loue made them come, but loue was quickly quail'd
With such a feare as call'd them soone away :
I, poore I, hoping, in dispaire assail'd
Without all feare, perseuering still to stay ;
Because I thought no cause of feare was left,
Sith whom I fear'd was from my sight bereft.

For I, poore soule, haue lost my Maister deere,
To whom my thoughts deuoutly were combin'd ;

The totall of my loue, my cheefest cheere,
The height of hope, in whom my glory shin'd;
My finall feare; and therefore, him excepted,
No other hope, nor loue, nor losse, respected.

Worse feare behind was death, which I desired,
And feared not, my soule's life being gone;
Without which I no other life required,
And in which death had beene delight alone:
And thus, ah! thus, I liue a dying life;
Yet neither death nor life can end my strife.

Yet now, methinks, 'tis better die then liue,
For haply dying I my loue may finde;
Whom, while I liue, no hope at all can giue,
And, he not had, to liue I haue no minde:
For nothing in myselfe but Christ I lou'd,
And nothing ioyes, my Iesus so remou'd.

If any thing aliue to keepe me striu'd,
It is his image, 'cause it should not die
With me, whose likenes loue in me contriu'd,
And treasur'd vp in sweetest memory;
From which my loue by no way can depart,
Vnlesse I rippe the center of my hart:

Which had beene done, but that I fear'd to burst
The worthles trunck which my deere Lord inclosed;
In which the relliques of lost ioy was trust,
And all the remnant of my life imposed:
Els griefe had chang'd my hart to bleeding teares,
And fatall end had past from pitteous cares.

Yet pitteous I, in so imperfect sort,
Doe seeme to drawe my vndesired breath,
That true I proue this often-heard report,—
"Loue is more strong then life-destroying death:"

For what more could pale Death in me haue done,
Then in my loue performed playne is showne ?

My wits distraught, and all my sence amaz'd;
My thoughts let lose and fled, I know not where;
Of vnderstanding rob'd, I stand agaz'd,
Not able to conceit what I doe heare :
That in the end, finding I did not know,
And seeing, could not well discerne the show.

I am not where I am, but with my loue ;
And where he is, poore soule, I cannot tell :
Yet from his sight nothing my hart can moue ;
I more in him than in my life doe dwell :
And, missing whom I looke for with sad seeking,
Poore wo-worne woman, at the tombe stay weeping.

MARY MAGDALEN'S SIXT LAMENTATION.

(*"Jesus sayd vnto her, Mary : she turning sayd vnto him, Rabboni."*)

Oh louing Lord, thou only didst defere
My consolation to increase it more;
That thy delightfull presence might preferre
The better welcome, being wisht so sore ;
In that thy absence little hope had left
Vnto my hart so long of blisse bereft.

It may be that I knew not former blisse,
Till I a time was from the sweetnes weaned ;
Nor what it was such treasures rich to misse,
Which in thy presence I of late attained ;
Vntill my pouerty had made it cleere,
Of what inestimable rate they were.

But now thou shewst me by a proofe most sweete,
That though I pay'd thee with my deerest loue,
With water of my teares to wash thy feete,
With my best breath, which all desire could moue;
Yet small the price was that I did bestowe,
Waying the worth, which now thou let'st me know.

I sought thee dead, pind in a stony gaill,
But find thee liuing, and at liberty;
Shrinde in a shroud, thy visage wan and pale,
Left as the modell of all misery;
But now inuest in glorious robes I finde thee,
And as the president of blisse I minde thee.

As all this while I sought, but could not finde;
Wept without comfort; cald, vnanswerd too:
So now thy comming satisfies my minde,
Thy tryumphes please my teares, which long did wooe;
And all my ioyes are husht with this one word,
"Mary," 'cause sweetly spoken from my Lord.

For when I heard thee call in wonted sort,
And with thy vsuall voyce, my only name
Issuing from that thy heauenly mouth's report,
So strange an alteration it did frame,
As if I had beene wholly made anew,
Being only nam'd by thee, whose voyce I knew:

Whereas before my griefe benum'd me so,
My body seem'd the hearce of my dead hart;
My hart, soule's coffin, kil'd with care and woe;
And my whole selfe did seeme in euery part
A double funerall presented plaine,
Of Thee, and of myselfe, together slaine.

But now this one word hath my sence restored,
Lightened my minde, and quickened my hart;

And in my soule a liuing spirit powred,
Yea, with sweete comfort strengthened euery part:
For well this word a spirit dead may raise,
Which only word made heauen, world, and seas.

Mary I was, when sinne possest me whole,
Mary I am, being now in a state of grace;
Mary did worke the ill that damn'd her soule,
Mary did good in giuing euill place:
And now I showe both what I was and am;
This word alone displaies my ioy and shame.

For by his vertues that did speake the same,
An epitome of all his mercies sweete,
A repetition of my miseries came,
And all good haps I did together meete;
Which so my sences rauished with ioy,
I soone forgot my sorrowes and annoy.

And thus my hart a troope of ioyes did leade;
Mustred in rancks to mutiny they fell,
Conspiring which might worthiest bee made;
With them my owne vnworthies doe rebell,
And long in doubtfull issue they contend,
Till view of highest blis the strife did end.

He was my Sun, whose going downe did leaue
A dumpish night with fearefull fancies fill'd;
And did each starre of glistering shines bereaue,
And all the world with misty horror hill'd;
And euery planet raigning erst so bright
Were chaung'd to dismall signes in this darke night.

Yet now the clearenes of his louely face,
His word's authority which all obey,
This foggy darknes cleane away doth chace,
And brings a calme and bright well-tempred day;

And doth depurple clouds of melancholy,
Awaks my sence, and cures mye lethargy.

Rapt with his voyce, impatient of delay,
Out of his mouth his talke I gredily take,
And to this first and only word I say,
And with one other word this answeare make:
"Rabboni"—then my ioy my speech did choke,
I could no more proceede, nor more heare spoke.

Loue would haue spoke, but feare concealde the clause;
Hope framed words, but doubt their passage staies:
When I should speake, I then stood in a pawse;
My sodaine ioy my inward thoughts quite slayes:
My voyce doth tremble, and my tongue doth falter;
My breath doth faile, and all my sences alter.

Lastly, in lieu of words issue my teares;
Deepe sighes instead of sentences are spent;
Their mother's want they fill with sobbes and feares,
And from the hart half-vttered words they sent;
Which in so passion's conflict disagree,
To sounds perceau'd they cannot sorted bee.

So fares the hart that's sick for sodaine ioy,
Attayning that for which it long did fire:
For euen as feare is loue's still seruile boy,
And hope an vsher vnto hot desire;
So loue is hard a firme beliefe in gaining,
And credulous coniectures entertayning.

And though desire be apt for to admit
Of wisht-for comfort any smallest shade;
The hotter yet it burnes in hauing it,
The more it cares to haue it perfit made;
And while least hope is wanting, which is sought,
The best assurances auantage nought.

And euen as hope doth still the best presume,
Inuiting ioy to welcome good successe;
So feare suspects true blisse can hardly come,
And calls vp sorrowe, making it seem lesse:
With griefe bewailing the incertainty
Of that which should be sole felicity.

And while as these doe mutually contend,
Feare sometimes falleth into deepe dispaire;
Hope rising vp, his fiery darts doth send
Of wrath, repining to the empty ayre;
Making a doubtfull skirmish dead they stand,
Till euidence of proofe the strife haue scand.

For though poore I so suddainly reply'd,
Vpon the notice of his voyce well knowne,
Yet for because so rare a chaunce I spide,
His person chang'd, himselfe vnlookt for showne,
The sight my thoughts into sedition drew,
Till they were purg'd from doubts by stricter view.

And then, though speeches would haue issued faine,
And my poore hart to his hand duty sent,
Yet euery thought, for vtterance taking paine,
Which first might be receau'd, so hastly went,
That I was forst, indifferent iudge to all,
To act by signes, and let my speeches fall.

And runing to the haunt of my delight,
My chiefest blis, I straight fall at his feete,
And kindly offer in my Sauiour's sight
To bath them now with teares of ioy most sweete;
To sanctifie my lippes with kissing his
Once grieuous, but now glorious wounds of blis.

To heare more words I listed not to stay,
Beeing with the word itself now happy made;
But deem'd a greater blisse for to assay
To haue at once my wishes full apaid,

In honouring and kissing of his feete,
Then in the hearing of his speeche lesse sweete.

For euen as loue in nature coueteth
To be vnited, yea, transformed whole
Out of itselfe into the thing it loueth;
So what vnits loue most affecteth sole,
And still preferreth least coniunction euer
Before best ioyes which distance seemes to seuer.

To see him, therefore, doth not me suffice;
To heare him doth not quiet whole my mind;
To speake with him in so familiar wise
Is not enough my loose let soule to bind:
No, nothing can my vehement loue appease,
Least by his touch my wo-worne hart I please.

THE CONCLUSION TO 'MARY MAGDALEN'S LAMENTATIONS.

("Iesus met them, saying, All haile, etc.")

Oh how profound are all thy iudgments, Lord!
How dost thou take my sorrowe to thy hart!
How doth thy eyes such bleeding drops afford,
To see my wounded loue and grieuous smart,
That thy refusall late requited is
With such a graunt so free and full of blisse!

Oh milde phisition, how well didst thou know
Thy corrasiue so sharp did grieue my wound,
Which did by ignorance, not errour, growe,
Therefore no sooner felt, but helpe was found;
Thy lenitiue applide did ease my paine,
For though thou didst forbid, 'twas no restraine.

And now, to shew that thy deniall late
Was but a check to my vnsettled faith,

And no reiecting of my fault with hate,
Thou let'st me wash thy feete in my teare-bath;
I kisse them too, the seales of our redemption,
My loue renew'd with endless consolation.

Thus hast thou, Lord, full finished my teares,
Assured my hopes, contented my desires,
Repayd my loues, extirped quite my feares,
Perfected ioyes with all that hart requires;
And made the period of expiring griefes
The preamble to euer-fresh reliefes.

How mercifull a Father art thou, Lord,
To poore forsaken orphans in distresse!
How soft a Iudge, that iudegment doth afford
With mildest grace to sinners comfortlesse!
How sure a friend vnto a sincere louer,
Whose pure and faithfull loue doth alter neuer!

Tis true, good Lord, thou leauest none that loue thee,
And such as trust in thee thou lou'st againe;
Yea, they shall find that liberall thou wilt be
Aboue desert, and bountifull remaine
Beyond all hope: thy gifts bestow'd we see,
Not by our merits, but by thy mercy.

Oh Christian soule, take Mary for thy mirrhor;
And if thou wilt the like effects obtaine,
Then follow her in like affection's feruour,
And so with her like mercy shalt thou gaine:
Learne, sinfull man, of this one sinfull woman,
That sinners may find Christ which sin abandon;

That loue recouereth him whom sin did lose;
That firm beliefe recalleth that againe,
Which fainting faith did quite forsake to chose;
That what nor force nor fauour can afford[1],

[1] Qu. *obtain?*

Nor pollicie by mortall means bring in,
Continued teares of constant loue can win.

Learne thou of her for Christ no force to feare,
And out of Christ no comfort to desire;
With Christ his loue all loue, though ne're so deere,
To ouer-rule, to quench fond fancie's fire:
Rise early, soule, in thy goode motion's morne;
Sleepe not in sloth, when dilligence may performe.

Runne with repentance to thy sinfull hart,
Which should the temple vndefil'd haue been;
But though thy fault deserues no better part,
Then be the tombe for Christ to bury in;
For wanting life to tast this heauenly bread,
He seem'd to thee as if he had been dead.

Remoue the leads that presse thee downe in sin;
The stone of former hardnes roule away:
Looke to thy soule, if Christ be lodg'd therein;
And if thou find that there he doe not stay,
Then weepe without: in other creatures mind him,
Sith, had in all, in any thou maist find him.

Make faith thine eye, hope guide, and loue thy light;
Seeke him, not his; for himselfe, not his meeds;
If faith haue found him in a cloudy night,
Let hope seeke for him when the day-spring breeds:
If hope to see him haue thee luckly led,
Let loue seeke further in him to be fed.

To moue thee in a hot desire to finde,
His goods are pretious; and when he is found,

To seeke him still thy good desire to binde,
His treasures infinit doe still abound :
Seeke him alone, he is thy soule's pure health ;
Seeke him, he is thy hart's contented wealth ;

Seeke him alone, and nothing els beside ;
Though at the first not found, persist in teares ;
Stand on the earth, suppressing sinne and pride ;
Preuent each vice which in this world appeares :
Eschuing it, thou maist auoid that fall,
Which, following it, thou canst not shun at all.

To looke thee better in the tombe, bow downe
Thy stubborn necke to beare humility ;
And stooping from each proud and lofty frowne,
With lowly looks obtaine sweete clemency :
An humble soule that sincks in selfe-contempt,
Soone winneth heauen, and hell doth best preuent.

If he vouchsafe thee with his glorious sight,
Offering himselfe vnto thy inward eyes,
Presume not of thyselfe to know his light,
But as vnworthy still, thyselfe despise ;
Prostrate thyselfe all lowly at his feete,
That he to know him right will make thee meete.

And being thus with dilligence prepared,
Going with speede, standing with hopes lift hie ;
Humbling thy hart, thy haughty will impaired,
If thou with Mary none but Christ would see ;
Himselfe will to thy teares an answeare giue,
And his owne words assure thee he doth liue :
That sweetly hee vnto thee being showne,
To others thou maist runne, and make him knowne.

LXXXVII.

ANONYMOUS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SAINT PETER'S TEARES.

Imaginarie Muses, get you gone,
And you of idea's idle companie,
That place your paradise in Cetheron,
And call vpon the nymphes of Thessalie;
Restraine your haughtie metaphoricke lines;
For reuerent Truth your glory vndermines.

The throne of Heauen is her holy hill,
Whence flowes the spring of sauing health;
Instead of birdes, archangels sing her will;
The temple is her loue, and peace her wealth.
O sacred sweete, and sweetest sacred substance,
Vnloose the springes of Peter's poore repentance.

And thou, O Holy Ghost, and sacred Spirit,
Faire milke-white Doue, vnto the meekest Lambe
The minister of heaven, the Lord of merit,
The gladdest messenger that euer came;
Infuse thy grace so sweetly in mine eares,
That I may truly write Saint Peter's Teares.

THE NINTH TEARE.

Where is thy mercie, which exceeds thy power,
Great Intercessor for the sinnes of man?
The one thy arme oppresseth euery hower;
O let the other fall as thick as sand.
Our sinnes abound so much, thy mercie more;
Els shall I thinke thou wilt not me restore.

The wicked flourish like the freshest baye,
And they are counted for the happiest men;
But I am laught at, who do daily pray:
If Peter should dispaire, sweete Lord, how then!
To see that they which neuer thinke on thee
Spend out their dayes in chiefe prosperitie.

But, Lord, I do forsee the end of those:
Thou wilt be deafe when they shall call to thee;
I shall be heard before mine eyes do close;
O gracious God, that is enough for mee—
But they, when as they helpe shall most require,
Shall dye with blindnesse of their ill desire.

Their heauen is earth; my earth is onely hell;
Their ioy is riches, mine thy sauing health:
That which all ioy and gladnesse dooth excell,
The bodie's treasure, and the soule's rich wealth:
O let me once possesse that ioyfull place,
And separate me from their sinfull race.

Here is nothing but the deadly sinnes of shame,
That like a serpent spitteth venome foorth:
They which comes neare them haue the like defame;
So are thy chosen held like them in worth:
Wipe, Lord, this wicked slaunder from thine owne,
And hast vs quickly to thy heauenly throne.

Then shall we looke on earthly vanities,
And loath that we did euer liue therein;
Pitty the world's accurst calamities:
When we are chang'd from that we once had beene,
Then shall thy seruant Peter weepe no more,
Because of heauenly things he tastes such store.

LXXXVIII.

HENRY DOD.

PSALM CXXVII.

The vertue of God's Blessing. The vaine conceipt of worldlings. Children are God's gift.

Except the Lord the house doe build,
The builders worke in vaine;
Except the Lord the citie keepe,
The watchman wakes in vain.

It's vaine for you to rise betyme;
To sitt vp late; to eate
The bread of greefes: for so he giues
To his beloved sleepe.

Loe, children are a heritage,
Proceeding of the Lord;
And fruit descended of the wombe
Is onely his reward.

As arrowes strong are in the hand
Of anie myghtie man,
So youth well taught lyke helpfull are,
Growne up of yong children.

O happie is that man, that hath
His quiuer full of those:
They shall not be ashamde to speake
In gate with all their foes.

LXXXIX.

JAMES YATES.

OF WAYLING, AND NOT PREUAILING.

I WAYLING,
Yet not preuailing,
In sorrow sayling,
Alas! I mourne.
Such is the spight
To dimme delight
In me poore wight,
Almost forlorne.

But, God of grace,
Graunt me solace,
Within short space,
To ease my griefe,
And send release:
When woes increase,
I cannot cease
To craue reliefe.

For if the heart
Feeles inward smart,
Without desert,
Death it desires.
The griefe of minde,
Which woe doth finde,
Their life resign'd,
So some requires.

A SONNET OF A SLAUNDEROUS TONGUE.

Of all the plagues that raine on mortall wightes,
Yet is there none like to a slaunderous tongue;
Which brings debate, and filles each heart with spights,
And enemy is as well to old as young.
In my conceipt they doe more hurte, I sweare,
Then stinking toades, that loathsome are to sighte.
For why? Such tongues cannot conceale and beare,
But vtter forth that which workes most despite.
They do more hurt then casting pooles in meade,
Which doe turne up the blacke earth on the greene:
Their poysoned speach doth serue in little steade;
They practise spite, as dayly it is seene.
O Lorde, I pray from singlenesse of heart,
Such slanderous tongues reforme, and eke conuert.

XC.

A. W.

SAPHICKES VPON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

Hatred eternall, furious reuenging,
Mercilesse raging, bloody persecuting,
Scandalous speeches, odious reuilings,
Causelesse abhorring;

Impious scoffings by the very abiects,
Dangerous threatening by the priests anointed,
Death full of torment in a shamefull order,
Christ did abide here.

He that in glory was aboue the angels,
Changed his glory for an earthly carkasse,
Yeelded his glory to a sinfull outcast,
Glory refusing.

Me, that in bondage many sinnes retained,
He for his goodnesse—for his onely goodnesse—
Brought from hell-torments to the ioyes of heauen,
Not to be numbred:

Dead in offences, by his aide reuiued,
Quickned in spirit, by the grace he yeeldeth.
Sound then his praises, to the world's amazement,
Thankfully singing.

ADDRESS TO TIME.

ETERNALL Time, that wastest without wast,
That art, and art not—diest, and liuest still;
Most slow of all, and yet of greatest hast;
Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill:
How can I iustly praise thee or dispraise?
Darke are thy nights, but bright and cleare thy daies.

Both free and scarce, thou giu'st and tak'st againe;
Thy wombe, that all doth breede, is tombe to all:
Whatso by thee hath life, by thee is slaine;
From thee do all things rise, to thee they fall:
Constant, inconstant; mouing, standing still:
Was, is, shall be, doe thee both breede and kill.

I lose thee, while I seek to find thee out;
The farther off, the more I follow thee;
The faster hold, the greater cause of doubt;
Was, *is*, I know; but *shall* I cannot see:
All things by thee are measured, thou by none;
All are in thee, thou in thy selfe alone.

XCI.

ANONYMOUS.

A REPENTANT POEM.

THOUGH late, my heart, yet turne at last,
And shape thy course another way;
'Tis better lose thy labour past,
Then follow on to sure decay:
  What though thou long haue straid awry?
  In hope of grace for mercy cry.

Though weight of sinne doth presse thee downe,
And keepe thee grou'ling on the ground;
Though blacke dispaire with angry frowne
Thy wit and judgment quite confound;
  Though time and wit haue beene mispent,
  Yet grace is left, if thou repent.

Weepe then, my heart, weepe still, and still;
Nay, melt to floods of flowing teares;
Send out such shrikes as heauen may fill,
And pierce thine angry Judge's eares:
  And let thy soule, that harbours sin,
  Bleed streames of bloud to drowne it in.

Then shall thine angry Judge's face
To cheereful lookes itselfe apply;
Then shall thy soule be fild with grace,
And feare of death constraind to fly:
  Euen so, my God! oh, when? how long?
  I would, but sinne is too, too strong.

I striue to rise,—sinne keepes me downe;
I fly from sinne,—sinne followes me:
My will doth reach at glorie's crowne;
Weake is my strength, it will not be:
  See how my fainting soule doth pant!
  O let thy strength supply my want.

XCII.

JOHN BODENHAM.

OF FAITH AND ZEALE.

Faith shews a good man's fruits; preserues the soule;
And zeale doth best giue euidence of faith.

Faithe's best is triall, then it shineth most;
The faithfull stands, the faultie man wil flye:
Zeale is but cold where louelesse law restraines
This hastie rashnes, where true faith doth flye;
In deepe distress true faith doth best auaile.
When once man's faith is spotted and defamd,
The bodie had been better neuer framd.

Zeale and good courage best become a prince;
Faith bides no perfit triall but by time;
Shipwrack of faith is made where conscience dyes;
Friends haue no priueledge to breake their faith;
The gift deserueth most is giuen in zeale.
False fainting zeale, shadowed with good pretence,
Can find a cloake to couer each offence.

False faith is ouer-poizde with weakest weight,
The ballance yeelds vnto the lightest feather;
An easie yeelding zeale is quickly quaild;
Faith violated is most detestable;
Faith once resolued treads fortune vnder foot;
The man that holds no faith shall find no trust.
Where faith doth fearlesse dwell in brazen tower,
There spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bower.

A zealous heart is alwaies bountifull;
The faith of knighthood is by vertue tryed;

Euery occasion quailes a hireling faith ;
A prince's greatest fault is breach of faith ;
The faith of pagans ought not be belieu'd.
Faith is a fortress 'gainst all fainting feare,
And zeale the walles doth euermore vpreare.

Take faith from iustice, all things runne to spoile ;
Authoritie is strengthened best by zeale :
Who binds himself by faith had need beware ;
Faith to rash oathes no credit giues at all :
The greater faith, the greater sufferance.
Faith is the true foundation of the soule,
And soonest doth redeeme the same from sinne.

Zeale makes opinion stand inuincible ;
A good man's wish is substance, faith, and fame.
Selfe-wille doth frown when earnest zeale reprooues ;
Faith mounteth to the cloudes on golden wings :
Faith brings forth workes, and workes declare our faith ;
No faith too firme, no trust can be too strong.

SIMILES ON THE SAME SUBIECT.

As raine makes euery ground bring forth encrease,
So faith of euery soule doth shew the fruites.
As honour's fire doth kindle high desires,
So zealous faith lifts vp the lowest soule.
As night doth best the diamond's glory shew,
So sharp affliction best makes faith to grow.
As wisdome is the only way to weale,
So true discretion best directeth zeale.
As loue and hate cannot agree in one,
So without zeale faith thinkes herselfe alone.

OF LIFE.

Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death a thaw of all our miserie.

LIFE is a wandring course to doubtfull rest ;
Life is but losse, where death is counted gaine:
When vertue's daies doe end, they are not done,
But liue too liues where others haue but one.

The death of sinne is life vnto the soule ;
Man's life still endeth with the end of life :
In vanitie of life and wandring wayes
The wicked run, and weare out all their daies.

* * * * *

The longer life, the greater is our guilt ;
Life must with life, and blood with blood be paid.
Hate not thy life, but loathe captiuitie,
Where rests no hope to purchase victorie.

Men must haue griefe so long as life remaines ;
Life is not that which should be much desir'd :
We often see, who on a king relyes,
Finds death aliue ; while liuing yet he dyes.

* * * * *

That dead things can giue life we sildome find ;
Contrition doth reformed life begin :
To liue, or dye, which of the two is better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproches debter?

First doe we bud, then blow, next seed, last fall ;
We aske death's aid to end life's wretchednesse :
God guides man's life, and when he list to haue it,
Wit, wealth, nor any thing beside can saue it.

Our life is death, if we doe liue in sinne ;
A dying life all kind of death exceeds :
Contented mean estate true life doth giue,
Resting secure, not rising vp to grieue.

* * * * *

That life is death, where men do liue alone ;
A good life doth beget as good a death :
No wise man likes in such a life to dwell,
Whose waies are strait to heauen, and wide to hell.

They liue but ill who always thinke to liue :
To men in miserie life seemes too long ;
Long life hath commonly long cares annext ;
The breath that life maintaines doth finish life.

SIMILIES ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

As falls the tree, so prostrate still it lies,
So speedeth life in liuing as it dyes.
As men by life in bondage soone are brought,
Euen so by death is freedome soonest wrought.
As fire burnes fiercely, being still supplyed,
So life postes swiftly when it least is spyed.
As sharp frosts easily nip foreward springs,
So life to end it hath too many things.
As easterne winds doth towardly blossoms blast,
So inward cares makes life to finish fast.
As life is onely by the gift of grace,
So death by nature taketh time and place.

XCIII.

JOHN NORDEN.

MAN.

Who doth not see the state of fickle man,
His changing courses and his diuers turnes
Tweene aged yeeres and time he first began?
His time his termes from time to time adiurnes:
Time tries him still, to triumph him he wurnes,
And will not let him glorie long in blisse,
In this short progresse where no glorie is.

Before his birth hee lies as in a caue,
Inclos'd with gore; an vgly shape hee beares;
Then by degrees hee gins some forme to haue,
And represent what after hee appeares,
A humane body: then hee comes with teares
From cell of darknesse, and partakes the light,
A silly creature and of silly might.

Then hee forthwith liues, and forthwith he dies,
Though liuing long hee lingers and decayes;
From youth to age hee pining mortifies,
Although he seeme to glorie in his dayes:
His day to die comes stealing, though it stayes;
And when he seemeth to haue constant state,
A change chops in of more inconstant rate.

Man neuer standeth, but like wauing tyde,
That comes and goes, now calme, then full of ire;
Now sings he sweete, all sorrowes layd aside;
Then groweth griefe, welcome to no desire;
Heau'd vp, hurl'd downe, dismay'd, or in aspire;
Grac'd now, then in disdaine; now in the sunne
Of sweetest fauour; then eclips'd, vndonne.

TO THE PRAYSE OF GOD FOR THE FORGIUENESSE OF OUR SINNES.

What shall we doo to thee, O God,
For all that thou hast done;
Whose loue from vs remoues the rod
Which our offences woune?

Thy Sonne hath brought vs peace againe,
And made vs one with thee;
Although our sinnes deserued payne,
His crosse hath made vs free.

O how shall we requite thy loue?
What recompence is due
To thee or him? Helpe from aboue,
Our sinfull liues renew.

The best reward that we can giue
It helpes not thee at all;
Yet thou in bountie doest releeue
Vs wretched wightes in thrall.

Great is thy glory, loue, and might;
Thy mercies haue no ende:
All thanks and praise to thee in right
Each heart should still extend.

But we poore sinners may cry out
Against ourselues, and say,
Our purest deedes, like filthy clout,
Our grosse conceytes bewray.

No stay is in our crooked will;
A rash consent we giue
To each delight that seekes to kill
Our soules, therein we liue.

But now thy sauing health extend,
Thy mercies sweete prepare,
And salue our sores: let vs amend,
And breake thou Sathan's snare.

FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

The God of blis,
Who faithfull is,
His sacred word doth send,
To teach vs all
On him to call,
And to his lawes attend.

His kingdom pure,
Which shall indure
For euer, doth begin
In those that know
How here below
To mortifie their sinne.

And they that will
Imbrace with skill
The way that traines to blis,
Shall quickly see
That they shall be
Reformde from things amis.

O God aboue,
Looke thou in loue
On all that long to see
Thy sauing health,
Thy heauenly wealth,
And glorious kingdom free.

Thy kingdom show
To vs below
That wander here awry;
Direct our feet;
Thy statutes sweet
To vs thy folke descry.

Oh be not slacke,
But what we lacke
With speed let vs obteine;
For thou dost feed
Such as haue need:
Thou dost no poore disdaine.

AGAINST FALSE PROPHETS AND DECEITFULL TEACHERS.

O God, that guidst thy faithfull flock,
And leadst it by thine hand;
That gaust it water of the rock
In dry Arabia land:
Giue grace to vs to flye the men
That teach thy word awry,
Of whom thy Son forewarnd vs, when
He did their slights espye.

He did foresee hypocrisie
Should lurke in godly weede,
And wolues in sheepe-lyke tire to lye,
And on thy sheepe to feede.
The subtile serpent shrowdes his wiles,
Attirde like angell bright;
And false apostles, fraught with guiles,
Do counterfeite the light.

The man of sinne, that sits on hye
With triple crowne on pate,
And lifts his lewdnes to the skie,
Holds sauing Christ in hate.
He sends his subtile sots by swarmes
Through all the world, to win
Thy children pure by wicked charmes,
To draw their soules to sinne.

Keepe vs thy children, Lord, therefore;
Direct vs by thy grace,
That their inchantments may no more
Our zeale sincere deface:
And let thy truth be still our guide,
That we thereby may knowe
Their falshood, who doo start aside,
And flye the subtile foe.

BEFORE WE GO TO BED.

The Lord will graunt his louing kindnes in the day, and in the night will wee sing of him, euen a prayer vnto the God of our life. PSAL. 42. 8.

OH Father full of might and loue,
Our castle and our stay,
Who rulest with thy power aboue
The darkesome night and day.

The day is thine, the night also
Thou rulest with thy hand;
Both which were made for man, we know,
And so was sea and land.

The sea and land, and all the things
Therein which thou hast plast,
Thou gauest vs, and made vs kings,
To vse them till the last.

Which blessings, Lord, this day we haue
Most richly had from thee:
Blesse eke this night, good Lord, wee craue;
Keepe vs from danger free.

Preserue vs when our drowsie sleepe
Our bodies shall possesse,
And let not Sathan creepe into,
Nor our poore soules oppresse.

But let thy grace preuent his ire;
Let nothing vs annoy;
Let faith preuaile, let him retire,
And we good rest enjoy.

Tremble, and sin not, examine your owne hearts vpon your bed, and be still. Ps. 4. 4.

XCIV.

BARTHOLOMEW CHAPPELL.

A WARNING VOICE

THE roaring sea doth fret and fume,
Her waues she flings aboue the land;
She shewes all things are out of tune;
She cries, 'God's day is nigh at hand.'

The earth of late hath shakt herself,
As wearie of her sinfull burne;
Which is ourselues with worldly pelfe;
But oh! thereby we are forlorne.

Of late she swallowed in her gulfe
Twelue thousand out of London towne
By sudden plague, like rauening wolfe;
Yet are our hearts not once pluckt downe.

O man! to thee now must I call,
The end where first I did begin,
That joyes, that blisse, that paine and thrall
May keep thy soule and mind from sin.

Thy heart will melt on them to thinke,
If any grace in thee remaine;
And from all filthy sinfull sinke
Thy heart and hand thou wilt refraine.

When grisly death doth thee assault,
It is too late for to amend:
Wherefore in time confesse thy fault,
And God to please see thou intend.

For when this life is gone and past,
There is no cure for any sinne:
Then as we are, so shall we last,
In joy, or paine, as we begin.

XCV.

HENOCH CLAPHAM.

The apostles haue for help euangelists;
And so the churches by them planted be.
Th' apostles dead, there riseth hellish mists,
Which with the light at no hand cold agree.
Sun darks, stars fal, the moone doth change her hue;
Heauen rols away, as they before did shew.

First, order gone, and doores not being kept,
By baptisme heapes of prophane do rush.
With them, at length, a ministry in crept,
That with the horn God's ordinance did push.
So antichrist is stept vp to the throne,
Who by his lawes would gouern euery one.

But prophets God he stirreth vp sometime,
To cal the people from such worship fowle.
The beast he chargeth such with deadly crime,
And kilies the man that puls away a soule.
Right much adoe shall persons haue to liue,
To whom the beast doth not his symbole giue.

The Gentiles, once got to the height of sinne,
And fulnesse of the saued come to light:
The elder brother, Iew, shal straight come in,
And mourne for that he had no sooner sight.
Their comming in shal be the Gentiles' light;
Nor til that time wil sun again be bright.

XCVI.

CHRISTOPHER FETHERSTONE.

A SONNET

Made by way of Exhortation to the Frenchmen, which are reuolted from true religion, to the end they may returne to God.

O FRENCHMEN, which were once belou'd,
With loue surpassing that of men,
Of God, who had by sundrie signes
The same reuealed to you as then:
  But now that God you haue forsaken,
  And part with Romish idoll taken.

What spirite, what counsaile, or what rage
So carrieth you? what hope, what feare,
Doth make you turne? you so reuolt
From him that loued you so deare?
  O blockishnes which Sathan breedes,
  Not once to see whither he you leades!

What! will you then forsake for earth
The holie heauens? what! hazard all
To gaine a thing that's nothing worth?
What thing more precious can you call,
  Then God, the soule, and body neate,
  And honour, which are riches greate?

You loose all those, if you proceed
In course which you haue erst begunne.
Returne to God. Vp! courage take,
And to that path full swiftlie runne,
  Which constant hath proposde to you;
  Vp, vp! I say, and enter now.

XCVII.

JOHN MARBECK.

2 Sam. xxii. 2—7.

God is my strength; in him I will
Put all my hope and trust;
For I do finde him vnto me
Both mercifull and iust.

He is my shield, the horne of health,
My tower that is so strong;
My refuge and my Sauiour,
From taking any wrong.

I will on him call day and night,
Who worthy is of prayse;
Not doubting then but that I shall
Preserued be alwayes.

The pangs of death gat me about,
And griped me full sore;
The flowing floods of wicked men
Did fray me more and more.

The sorrowes of the hell or graue
Me compassed about;
The snares were set to trappe me in,
That I should not get out.

Then in my trouble did I call
Unto the Lord on hye,
Who from out of his holy place
Gaue eare vnto my cry.

XCVIII.

THOMAS GRESSOP.

HERE is the spring where waters flowe,
To quench our heate of sinne;
Here is the tree where trueth doth grow,
To leade our liues therein.

Here is the Judge that stintes the strife,
When men's deuices faile;
Here is the bread that feedes the life
That death cannot assaile.

The tidings of saluation deare
Comes to our eares from hence;
The fortresse of our faith is here,
And shield of our defence.

Then be not like the hogge, that hath
A pearle at his desire;
And takes more pleasure of the trough,
And wallowing in the myre.

Reade not this booke in any case
But with a single eye;
Reade not, but first desire God's grace,
To vnderstand thereby.

Praye still in faith with this respect,
To fructifie therein;
That knowledge may bring this effect,
To mortifie thy sinne.

Then happie thou in all thy life,
Whatso to the befalles:
Yea, double happie shalt thou be,
When God by death thee calles.

XCIX.

H. C.

LINES

Prefixed to Greenham's "Comfort for an afflicted Conscience."

THE thirstie soule, that fainteth in the way,
Or hunger-bit, for heauenly foode doth long;
The wearied hart, that panteth all the way,
Oppressed with feares, and homebread griefs among;
The blinded eye, that hunts the shining ray,
Or minde enthralde through Satan's wily wrong;
Let hither fare for comfort in their neede:
For smothered flames a greater fire will breede.

Here siluer streames shall quench thy boyling heat,
And hony dewes thy hungrie stomache fill:
Heere sweete repose with comfort shall intreate
Thy wounded breast to cure with busy skill:
Hence fetch thy ransome, howsoeuer great;
A mine of treasures are in this faire hill;
From whose hye top thy scaled eies may see
A glorious light that shall enlighten thee.

The streames are bloud, the dew is bread from heauen;
The rest and comfort are cœlestiall ioyes;
The ransome from the crosse was freely giuen;
The light is faith, which darknes all destroyes.
Thrise happy man, that guides his steps so euen,
As his pure light no gloomy darke annoyes:
His ransom'd soule æternal ioyes shall win,
When timelye death shall blessed life begin.

C.

CHARLES BEST.

OF THE FALL OF MAN IN ADAM.

THE poore man belou'd, for virtue approu'd,
Right blessed is he;
Where couetous chuff, who neuer hath enough,
Accursed shall be.

Who goodnesse reiecteth, and euil effecteth,
Shall fall in the pit:
No plenty of pence shall free him from thence;
No power, nor wit.

Both vnespassable and vnsatiable
That gulph will appeare;
Imbogg'd he shall be, where nought he shall see
But horror and feare.

Adam vnstable and Eve variable,
The very first time,
By falling from God deserued this rod;
Oh! horrible crime!

For had they adhered to God, and him feared,
By keeping his reede,
Then death had not come on the man or the woman,
Or any their seede.

But when as the man from God's will began
Basely to reuolt,
For his grieuous sin death came rushing in,
And on him laid holt.

This was the great crime, which at the first time,
By craft of the deuill,
Did bring in the seed of sickness and need,
And all other evill.

This was the sinne, which first did begin
Our parents to kill,
And heauenly food, prepared for our goud,
Did vtterly spill.

Vnhappy the fate, which first such a state
Such sorrow did bring,
To him that had lost so much to our cost,
Our heauenly King.

The credulous Eve, 'twas she that did giue
The cause of such euill,
Hoping that honor would come more vpon her,
Deceiued by the deuill.

Beleeuing of him did make her to sinne,
To all our great losse;
For mankind ere sence receiued from hence
An horrible crosse.

For all the nations, through all generations
Which after haue beene,
With griefe of their heart haue tasted the smart
Of that primitiue sinne.

CI.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

O Lord, turne not away thy face
From him that lyeth prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinfull life
Before thy mercy-gate:

Which gate thou openest wide to those
That doe lament their sinne:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to mine accounts,
How I haue liued here;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appeare.

I need not to confesse my life,
I am sure thou canst tell:
What I haue beene and what I am,
I know thou knowest it well.

O Lord, thou knowest what things be past,
And eke the things that bee;
Thou knowest also what is to come:
Nothing is hid from thee.

Before the heauens and earth were made,
Thou knowest what things were then,
As all things else that haue been since
Among the sonnes of men.

And can the things that I haue done
Be hidden from thee then?
Nay, nay, thou knowest them all, O Lord,
Where they were done, and when.

Wherefore with teares I come to thee,
To beg and to intreate;
Euen as the child that hath done euill,
And feareth to be beate.

So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound;
Requiring mercy for my sinne,
To heale my deadly wound.

O Lord, I need not to repeate
What I doe beg or craue;
Thou knowest, O Lord, before I aske,
The thing that I would haue.

Mercy, good Lord, mercie I aske,
This is the totall summe:
For mercy, Lord, is all my sute;
Lord, let thy mercy come.

CII.

ANTHONY FLETCHER.

A SIMILE.

As candles light do giue
Vntill they be consumed,
Doing good so should men liue
Vntill their daies be ended.

You are, saith Christ, a light
This darksome world to guide;
Although you purchase spight,
Still let your light be tride.

Before men let it shine,
To glorifie my name:
The profite shall be thine,
Or else thou art to blame.

Man's vnsauorie earth
To season thou art sault;
And though it cost thy breath,
In thee let be no fault.

The truth be bold to speake,
Not fearing any face;
The Lord thy part will take,
And strength thee with his grace.

But if for fear of gaine
The truth thoult hide or couer,
That brings thy soule to paine;
Thy lot can be no other.

My candle hath no light,
My buisnes yet vndone;
So suddenly comth night,
Before we looke for noone.

I meane, death is at doore;
So let him be in mind,
Least such may be his houre
Vnready thee to finde.

Thy readines let be
In Christ a stedfast faith;
God's feare, walking rightly,
Still trampling vertue's path.

Then needst thou not to feare
Death, come he late or early:
In truth to God draw neare,
And he will love thee dearly.

Thy soule shall go to heauen;
Though bodie go to graue,
Yet shall it rise againe,
The self-same soule to haue.

And both shall go to dwell
In heauen with the Lord;
The ioyes no tongue can tell
By Christ for thee prepar'd.

Which ioies I wish to thee,
Good reader, with my hart;
Not doubting but that I
At length shall take thy part.

Amen, amen, amen;
O Lord, so let it be!
We shall be blessed then,
O blessed Christ, through thee.

CIII.

ROBERT HOLLAND.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Pray thus, when ye do pray, therefore:—
Our Father, which in heauen art,
Thy name be hallow'd euermore;
Thy kingdom we desire in hart:
Thy will in earth make vs to do
As it in heauen is; euen so.

Giue vs this day our dayly bread;
Our debts forgiue vs, we thee pray,
As we our debtors do: and lead
Vs not, O Lord! by any way
Into temptation; but see
From euill we deliu'red be.

For thine, good Lord, the kingdom sure,
The power, and the glorie is,
For euermore for to endure,
Which liuest in eternall bliss.
Let this be done, Oh Lord! we pray
In heart:—whereto Amen we say.

CIV.

H. C.

WHAT MISERY AND MISFORTUNES MANKINDE IS CONTINUALLY SUBJECTE VNTO.

What kinde of state can any choose,
But he therein shall fynde
Great bitternesse and endlesse woe,
To mooue his troubled minde?

In field much toyle, at home great care,
And feare in forrein lande:
If aught we haue by fortune lent,
In youth dame Follye's bande

Doth hold us fast; her we imbrace,
And wisedome's lore do leaue:
In age doth sicknesse us assayle,
And so our strength bereaue.

In marryage is unquietnesse;
In lacking of a wife
All sollitary we remaine,
And leade a loathsome lyfe.

If God to us doe children sende,
We haue continuall care;
If none, then are we halfe dismayde,
Far worser doe we fare.

Therefore one of these twaine is best
Desyred for to be;
Not to be borne, or else to dye
Before these dayes we see.

AN EXHORTATION TO PACIENCE.

When griping greefes do greeue the minde,
The meetest meanes that men may finde,
Which God and nature hath assignde,
  Is pacience well applyde:
For pacience puts all paine to flight;
Yea, pacience makes the hart delight,
And doth revive eche dulled spright
  By reason's rule and guyde.

CV.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

PSALME XVIII.

FIRST PART.

Diligam te, Domine.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must loue thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessitie:
My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horne of all my health.

When I sing laud vnto the Lord,
Most worthie to be serued,
Then from my foes I am right sure
That I shall be preserued.
The pangs of death did compasse me,
And bound me euerie where;
The flowing waues of wickednesse
Did put me in great feare.

The sly and suttle snares of hell
Were round about me set;
And for my death there was prepard
A deadly trapping net.
I, thus beset with paine and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And he forthwith did heare my plaint
Out of his holie place.

Such is his power, that in his wrath
He made the earth to quake,
Yea, the foundation of the mount
Of Basan for to shake.
And from his nostrels came a smoke,
When kindled was his ire;
And from his mouth came kindled coales
Of hoat consuming fire.

The Lord descended from aboue,
And bowd the heauens hie;
And vnderneth his feet he cast
The darknesse of the skie.
On cherubes and on cherubins
Full roially he road;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

PSALME CIII.

Benedic, anima mea.

My soule, giue laud vnto the Lord,
My spirite shall do the same;
And all the secrets of my heart,
Praise ye his holy name.
Giue thanks to God for all his gifts;
Shew not thyselfe vnkinde;
And suffer not his benefits
To slip out of thy minde:

That gaue thee pardon for thy faults,
And thee restord againe,
For all thy weake and frail disease,
And heald thee of thy paine:
That did redeeme thy life from death,
From which thou couldst not flee;
His mercy and compassion both
He did extend to thee:

That fild with goodnesse thy desire,
And did prolong thy youth,
Like as the egle casteth her bill,
Whereby her age reneweth.
The Lord with iustice doth repay
All such as be oppresst;
So that their suffering and their wrongs
Are turned to the best.

His wayes and his commandements
To Moyses he did show;
His counsels and his valiant actes
The Israelite did know.
The Lord is kinde and mercifull,
When sinners do him grieue;
The slowest to conceiue a wrath,
And reddiest to forgiue.

He chides not vs continually,
Though we be full of strife;
Nor keepeth our faults in memory,
For all our sinefull life:
Nor yet according to our sinnes
The Lord doth vs regarde,
Nor after our iniquities
He doth vs not rewarde.

But as the space is wondrous great
'Twixt earth and heauen aboue,
So is his goodnesse much more large
To them that do him loue.
God doth remoue our sinnes from vs,
And our offences all,
As farre as is the sunne rysing
Full distant from his fall.

And looke, what pitty parents deare
Vnto their children beare,

Like pitty beareth the Lord to such
As worship him in feare.
The Lord that made vs knoweth our shape,
Our mould and fashion iust;
How weake and frayle our nature is,
And how we be but dust;

And how the tyme of mortall men
Is like the withering hay,
Or like the flower right fayre in field,
That fadeth full soone away:
Whose glosse and beauty stormy winds
Do vtterly disgrace,
And make that after their assaults
Such blossomes haue no place.

But yet the goodnesse of the Lord
With his shall euer stand;
Their children's children do receiue
His goodnesse at his hand:
I meane, which keepe his couenant
With all their whole desire,
And not forget to do the thing
That he doth them require.

The heauens hye are made the seate
And footestole of the Lord,
And by his power imperiall
He gouerns all the world.
Ye angels, which are great in power,
Prayse ye and blesse the Lord,
Which to obey and do his will
Immediately accord.

Ye noble hostes and ministers,
Cease not to laud him still;
Which ready are to execute
His pleasure and his will.

Yea, all his workes in euery place,
Prayse ye his holy name:
My heart, my minde, and eke my soule,
Prayse ye also the same.

CVI.

W. P.

A FRAGMENT OF THE XCVTH PSALM.

Come, let vs lift vp our voice,
And sing vnto the Lord;
In him our rock of helth reioice
Let vs with one accord.

Yea, let vs come before his face,
To geue him thanks alwaies;
In singing psalms vnto his grace
Let vs be glad alwaies.

CVII.

JOHN HOPKINS.

PSALME LXXXIV.

Quam dilecta tabernacula.

How pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hostes, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleasant, Lord, they be!
My soule doth long full sore to goe
Into thy courtes abroad;
My heart doth lust, my flesh also,
In thee the liuing Lord.

The sparrowes find a roome to rest,
And saue themselues from wrong;
And eke the swallow hath a nest
Wherein to keepe her young.
These birdes full nigh thine altar may
Haue place to sit and sing:
O Lord of hosts, thou art, I say,
My God and eke my King.

O they be blessed that may dwell
Within thy house alwaies;
For they all times thy facts do tell,
And euer giue thee praise.
Yea, happy sure likewise are they
Whose stay and strength thou art;
Which to thy house do minde the way,
And seeke it in their heart.

As they goe through the vale of teares,
They dig vp fountaines still;

That as a spring it all appeares,
And thou their pits doest fill.
From strength to strength they walke full fast,
No faintnes there shall be;
And so the God of gods at last
In Sion they do see.

O Lord of hostes, to me giue heede,
And heare when I doe pray;
And let it through thine eares proceede,
O Jacob's God, I say.
O Lord our shield, of thy good grace
Regard, and so draw neare;
Regard, I say, behold the face
Of thine annoynted deare.

For why? within thy courts one day
Is better to abide,
Then other where to keepe or stay
A thousand daies beside.
Much rather would I keepe a doore
Within the house of God,
Then in the tents of wickednesse
To settle mine abode.

For God the Lord, light and defence,
Will grace and worship giue;
And no good thing shall he withold
From them that purely liue.
O Lord of hostes, that man is blest,
And happy sure is he,
That is perswaded in his brest
To trust all times in thee.

CVIII.

THOMAS NORTON.

PSALME CXLVII.

Laudate Dominum.

Prayse ye the Lord, for it is good
Vnto our God to sing;
For it is pleasant, and to prayse
It is a comely thing.
The Lord, his owne Jerusalem
He buildeth vp alone,
And the disperst of Israël
Doth gather into one.

He heales the broken in their heart,
Their sores vp doth he bind;
He counts the number of the stars,
And names them in their kinde.
Great is the Lord, great is his power,
His wisedome infinite:
The Lord releeues the meeke, and throwes
To ground the wicked wight.

Sing vnto God the Lord with prayse,
Vnto the Lord reioyce,
And to our God vpon the harpe
Aduance your singing voice.
He couers heauen with clouds, and for
The earth prepareth raine;
And on the mountaines he doth make
The grasse to grow againe.

He giues to beastes their foode, and to
Yong rauens, when they cry:

His pleasure not in strength of horse,
Nor in man's legs doth lye:
But in all those that feare the Lord
The Lord hath his delight,
And such as doe attend vpon
His mercie's shining light.

O prayse the Lord, Jerusalem;
Thy God, O Sion, prayse;
For he the barres hath forged strong,
Wherewith thy gates he staies.
Thy children he hath blest in thee,
And in thy borders he
Doth settle peace, and with the flower
Of wheat he filleth thee.

And his commandement vpon
The earth he sendeth out,
And eke his word with speedy course
Doth swiftly runne about.
He giueth snow like wool, hoar frost
Like ashes doth he spread;
Like morsels castes his ice; thereof
The cold who can abide?

He sendeth forth his mighty word,
And melteth them agayne;
His winde he made to blow, and then
The waters flow amayne.
The doctrine of his holy word
To Jacob did he show;
His statutes and his iudgements he
Giues Israël to know.

With euery nation hath he not
So delt, nor they haue knowne
His secret iudgements: ye, therefore,
Prayse ye the Lord alone.

CIX.

WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM.

PSALME LI.

Miserere mei, Deus.

O Lord, consider my distresse,
And now with speede some pittie take;
My sinnes deface, my faults redresse,
Good Lord, for thy great mercies' sake.
Wash me, O Lord, and make me cleane
From this vniust and sinfull act;
And purifie but once againe
My hainous crime and bloodie fact.

Remorse and sorrow doe constraine
Me to acknowledge mine excesse;
My sinne, alas! doth still remaine
Before my face without release.
For thee alone I haue offended,
Committing euill in thy sight;
And if I were therefore condemned,
Yet were thy iudgements iust and right.

It is too manifest, alas!
That first I was conceiued in sinne;
Yea, of my mother so borne was,
And yet, vile wretch, remaine therein.
Also behould, Lord, thou doest loue
The inward truth of a pure hart:
Therefore thy wisedome from aboue
Thou hast reuealed me to conuert.

If thou with hisope purge this blot,
I shall be cleaner than the glasse:
And if thou wash away my spot,
The snow in whitenesse shall I passe.
Therefore, O Lord, such ioy me send,
That inwardly I may find grace:
And then my strength may now amend,
Which yet hast swagde for my trespas.

Turne backe thy face and frowning ire,
For I haue felt inough thy hand;
And purge my sinnes, I thee desire,
Which doe in number passe the sand.
Make new my hart within my brest,
And frame it to thy holy will:
Thy constant Spirit in me let rest,
Which may these raging enemies kill.

Cast me not, Lord, out from thy face,
But spedily my torments end;
Take not from me thy Spirit and grace,
Which may from dangers me defend.
Restore me to those ioyes againe,
Which I was wont in thee to find;
And let me thy free Spirit retaine,
Which vnto thee may stir my mind.

Thus when I shall thy mercies know,
I shall instruct others therein;
And men likewise that are brought low
By mine example shall flee sin.
O God, that of my health art Lord,
Forgiue me this my bloudie vice;
My hart and tongue shall then accord
To sing thy mercies and iustice.

Touch thou my lips; my tongue vntie,
O Lord, which art the onely kay;

And then my mouth shall testifie
Thy wondrous workes and praise alway.
And as for outward sacrifice,
I would haue offered many a one,
But thou esteemest them of no price,
And therein pleasure takest none.

The heauie hart, the mind opprest,
O Lord, thou neuer doest reiect;
And, to speake truth, it is the best,
And of all sacrifice the effect.
Lord, vnto Sion turne thy face;
Poure out thy mercies on thy hill,
And on Jerusalem thy grace;
Build vp thy walles, and loue it still.

Thou shalt accept then our offrings
Of peace and righteousnes, I say;
Yea, calues and many other things
Vpon thine altar will we lay.

CX.

WILLIAM KETHE.

PSALME CXXV.

Qui confidunt.

Such as in God the Lord do trust,
As mount Sion shall firmely stand,
And be remoued at no hand;
The Lord will count them right and iust.
So that they shall be sure
For euer to endure.

As mighty mountaines huge and great
Jerusalem about doe close,
So will the Lord be vnto those
Who on his godly will doe wayte.
Such are to him so deare,
They neuer neede to feare.

For though the righteous try doth he,
By making wicked men his rod;
Least they for griefe forsake their God,
It shall not as their lot still be.
Giue, Lord, to those thy light,
Whose hearts are true and right.

But as for such as turne asyde
By crooked wayes which they out sought,
The Lord will surely bring to nought;
With works most vyle they shall abide:
But peace with Israël
For euermore shall dwell.

CXI.

ROBERT WISDOM.

PSALME CXXV.

Qui confidunt.

THOSE that doe put their confidence
Vpon the Lord our God onely,
And fly to him for his defence
In all their neede and misery,
Their faith is sure firme to endure,
Grounded on Christ the corner-stone;
Moued with none ill, but standeth still,
Stedfast like to the mount Sion.

And as about Jerusalem
The mighty hils do it compasse,
So that no enemy commeth to them,
To hurt that towne in any case;
So God in deed in euery need
His faithfull people doth defend,
Standing them by assuredly,
From this time forth world without end.

Right wise and good is our Lord God,
And will not suffer certeinely
The sinner's and vngodlye's rod
To tary vpon his family;
Least they also from God should go,
Falling to sin and wickednesse:
O Lord, defend, world without end,
Thy christian flocke through thy goodnes.

O Lord, do good to Christians all,
That stedfast in thy word abide.

Such as willingly from God fall,
And to false doctrine daily slide,
Such will the Lord scatter abroad,
With hipocrites throwne downe to hell:
God will them send paines without end:
But, Lord, graunt peace to Israël.

Glory to God the Father of might,
And to the Sonne our Sauiour,
And to the Holy Ghost, whose light
Shine in our harts and vs succour;
That the right way, from day to day,
We may walke and him glorifie:
With hart's desire all that are here
Worship the Lord, and say Amen.

A HYMN.

Preserue vs, Lord, by thy deare word,
From Turke and pope defend vs, Lord,
Which both would thrust out of his throne
Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy deare Sonne.

Lord Jesus Christ, shew forth thy might:
Yea, thou art Lord of lords by right:
Thy poore afflicted flocke defend,
That we may praise thee without end.

God, Holy Ghost, our Comforter,
Be our patron, helpe, and succour:
Geue vs one minde and perfect peace;
All gifts of grace in vs increase.

Thou liuing God in persons three,
Thy name be praysed in vnity:
In all our neede so vs defend,
That we may prayse thee world without end.

CXII.

JOHN PULLAIN.

PSALME CXLIX.

Cantate Domino.

Sing vnto the Lord with heartie accord
A new ioyfull song:
Hir praises resounde in euerie grounde
His saintes all among.

Let Israel reioice and praise eke with voyce
His Maker louing;
The sonnes of Sion let them euerie one
Be glad in their King.

Let all them aduance his name in the dance
Bothe now and alwayes;
With harp and tabret, euen so likewise let
Them vtter his prayes.

The Lord's pleasure is in them that are his,
Not willing to start;
But all meanes do seke to succour the meke
And humble in heart.

The saints more and lesse his praise shall expresse,
As is good and right;
Reioycing, I saye, both now and for aye,
In their beds at night.

Their throte shall braste out in euerie route
In praise of their Lord;
And as men most bolde in hande they shall holde
A two-edged sworde,

Auenged to be in euerie degree
The heathen vpon,
And for to reproue, as them doth behoue,
The people ech one;

To bind strange kings fast in chains that will last,
Their nobles also
In hard yron bands, as well fete as hands,
To their grief and wo:

That they may indede giue sentence with spede
On them to their paine;
As is writ. Alwayes such honour and prayes
His saints shall obtaine.

CXIII.

JOHN MARDLEY.

PSALME CXLV.

Exaltabo te, Deus.

THEE will I laud, my God and King,
And blesse thy name for aye;
For euer will I prayse thy name,
And blesse thee day by day.
Great is the Lord, most worthy prayse,
His greatnes none can reach;
From race to race they shall thy works
Praise, and thy power preach.

I of thy glorious maiesty
The beauty will record,
And meditate vpon thy workes
Most wonderfull, O Lord.
And they shall of thy power, and of
Thy fearefull actes declare;
And I to publish all abroad
Thy greatnes will not spare.

And they into the mention shall
Breake of thy goodnes great:
And I alone thy righteousnes
In singing shall repeat.
The Lord our God is gratious,
And mercifull also;
Of great aboundant mercy, and
To anger he is slow:

Yea, good to all; and all his workes
His mercy doth exceede:
Loe, all his workes doe prayse thee, Lord,
And do thy honour spread.
Thy saintes doe blesse thee, and they do
Thy kingdome's glory show,
And blase thy power, to cause the sonnes
Of men his power to know;

And of his mighty kingdome eke
To spread the glorious prayse:
Thy kingdome, Lord, a kingdome is
That doth endure alwaies;
And thy dominion through each age
Endures without decay:
The Lord vpholdeth them that fall;
Their slyding he doth stay.

The eyes of all do wait on thee,
Thou doest them all relieue,
And thou to ech sufficing foode
In season due doest giue.
Thou openest thy plenteous hand,
And bounteously doest fill
All things, whatsoeuer doth liue,
With gifts of thy good will.

The Lord is iust in all his waies,
His workes are holy all;
Neare all he is that call on him,
In trueth that on him call.
He the desires which they require
That feare him will fulfill;
And he will heare them when they cry,
And saue them all he will.

The Lord preserues all those, to him
That beare a louing heart;

But he them all that wicked are
Will vtterly subuert.
My thankfull mouth shall gladly speake
The prayses of the Lorde:
All flesh to prayse his holy name
For euer shall accord.

CXIV.

ANONYMOUS.

THE COMPLAYNT OF A SINNER,

WHO CRAUETH OF CHRIST TO BE KEPT VNDER HIS MERCY.

WHERE righteousnes doth say,
Lord, for my sinfull part,
In wrath thou shouldst me pay
Vengeance for my desert,
I can it not deny;
But needs I must confesse,
How that continually
Thy lawes I doe transgresse.

But if it be thy will
With sinners to contend,
Then all thy flocke shall spill,
And be lost without end.
For who liueth here so right,
That rightly he can say,
He sinneth not in thy sight
Full oft and euery day?

The Scripture playne telleth me
The righteous man offendeth

Seuen times a day to thee,
Whereon thy wrath dependeth:
So that the righteous man
Doth walke in no such path,
But he falth now and then
In danger of thy wrath.

Then sith the case so standes,
That euen the man right-wise
Falth oft in sinfull bandes,
Whereby thy wrath may rise:
Lord, I that am vniust,
And righteousnes none haue,
Whereto then shall I trust
My sinfull soule to saue?

But truely to that prest,
Whereto I cleaue and shall,
Which is thy mercy most,
Lord, let thy mercy fal,
And mitigate thy moode,
Or else we perish all:
The price of this thy bloud,
Wherein mercy I call.

The Scripture doth declare,
No drop of bloud in thee
But that thou didst not spare
To shed ech drop for me.
Now let these drops most sweete
So moyst my heart so dry,
That I, with sinne replete,
May liue, and sinne may dye:

That being mortified
This sinne of mine in mee,
I may be sanctified
By grace of thine in thee:

So that I neuer fall
Into such mortall sinne;
That no foes infernall
Reioyce my death therein.

But vouchsafe me to keepe
From those infernall foes,
And from that lake so deepe,
Where as no mercy growes.
And I shall sing the songs,
Confirmed with the iust,
That vnto thee belongs,
Which art mine onely trust.

CXV.

T. B.

AN EXHORTATION TO THE PRAYSE OF GOD,

TO BE SONG BEFORE MORNING PRAYER.

Prayse the Lord, O ye Gentiles all,
Which hath brought you into his light:
O prayse him all people mortall,
As it is most worthy and right.

For he is full determined
On vs to poure his mercy;
And the Lord's trueth, be ye assured,
Abideth perpetually.

Glory to God the Father, and
To Jesus Christ his true Sonne,
With the Holy Ghost in like manner,
Now and at euery season.

AN EXHORTATION

TO BE SONG BEFORE EUENING PRAYER.

Behold now giue heede, such as be
The Lord's seruants faithfull and true:
Come, prayse the Lord, euery degree,
With such songs as to him are due.

O ye that stand in the Lord's house,
Euen in our owne God's mansion,
Praise ye the Lord so bounteous,
Which worketh our saluation.

Lift vp your hands in his holy place,
Yea, and that in the time of night;
Praise ye the Lord which giueth all grace,
For he is a Lord of great might.

Then shal the Lord out of Sion,
Which made heauen and earth by his power,
Giue to you and your nation
His blessing, mercy, and fauour.

CXVI.

D. COX.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which in heauen art,
And makst vs al one brotherhood
To call vpon thee with one heart,
Our heauenly Father and our God;
  Grant we pray not with lips alone,
  But with the hart's deepe sigh and grone.

Thy blessed name be sanctified;
Thy holy word might vs inflame
In holy life for to abide,
To magnifie thy holy name.
  From all errors defend and keepe
  The little flocke of thy poore sheep.

Thy kingdome come euen at this houre,
And henceforth euerlastingly;
Thine Holy Ghost into vs power
With all his giftes most plenteously.
  From Sathan's rage and filthy band
  Defend vs with thy mighty hand.

Thy will be done with diligence,
Like as in heauen, in earth also:
In trouble graunt vs patience,
Thee to obey in wealth and woe:
  Let not flesh, blood, or any ill,
  Preuaile against thy holy will.

Giue vs this day our dayly bread,
And all other gifts of thine:
Keepe vs from war and from bloudshed,
Also from sickenes, dearth, and pine;
That we may liue in quietnes,
Without all greedy carefulnes.

Forgiue vs our offences all,
Relieue our carefull conscience;
As we forgiue both great and small,
Which vnto vs haue done offence.
Prepare vs, Lord, for to serue thee
In perfect loue and vnitie.

O Lord, into temptation
Lead vs not, when the fiend doeth rage:
To withstand his inuasion
Giue power and strength to euery age.
Arme and make strong thy feeble host
With fayth and with the Holy Ghost.

O Lord, from euill deliuer vs:
The dayes and times are dangerous:
From euerlasting death saue vs,
And in our last need comfort vs.
A blessed end to vs bequeath;
Into thy hands our soules receiue.

For thou, O Lord, art King of kings,
And thou hast power ouer all;
Thy glory shineth in all things,
In the wide world vniuersal.
Amen, let it be done, O Lord,
That we haue prayd with one accord.

CXVII.

E. G.

De pacem, Domine.

GIUE peace in these our dayes, O Lord;
Great daungers are at hand;
Thine enemies with one accord
Christe's name in euery land
Seeke to deface, roote out, and rase
Thy true right worship in deed.
Be thou the stay, Lord, we thee pray;
Thou helpst alone in all neede.

Giue vs that peace which we do lacke
Through misbeliefe and ill life.
Thy word to offer thou doest not slacke,
Which we vnkindly gaine striue.
With fire and sword this healthfull word
Some persecute and oppresse;
Some with the mouth confesse the trueth,
Without sincere godlinesse.

Giue peace, and vs thy Spirit downe send,
With grief and repentance true:
Do pearce our hearts our liues to amend,
And by faith Christ renue:
That fear and dread, war and bloodshed,
Through thy sweete mercy and grace,
May from vs slide, thy trueth may bide,
And shine in euery place.

CXVIII.

ANONYMOUS.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

My sweet little babie, what meanest thou to cry?
Be still, my blessed babe, though cause thou hast to mourne,
Whose blood most innocent the cruell king hath sworne;
And lo! alas! behold! what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Sauiour, for thy sake.
A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill:
Oh! woe, and woefull heauy day, when wretches haue their will!

Three kings this King of kings to see are come from farre,
To each unknowen, with offerings great, by guiding of a starre;
As shepherds heard the song, which angels bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of this King,
Which must be made away—king Herod would him kill;
Oh! woe, and woefull heauy day, when wretches haue their will!

Loe! my little babe, be still, lament no more:
From furie thou shalt step aside, helpe haue we still in store:

We heauenly warning haue some other soyle to seeke ;
From death must fly the Lord of life, as lamb both milde and meeke :
Thus must my babe obey the king that would him kill :
Oh ! woe, and woefull heauy day, when wretches haue their will !

But thou shalt liue and reigne, as Dauid hath forsay'd,
And prophets prophesied * * *
* * * * * *
Whom caytiues none can 'traye, whom tyrants none can kill :
Oh ! joy and joyfull happy day, when wretches want their will !

CXIX.

W. A.

A PRAYER OF A REPENTANT SINNER BEWAILING HIS SINS AND CRAVING FOR MERCY.

O GRACIOUS God and heauenly Father deere,
Which hast created all thinges that are seene,
Whose mighty power is knowne both far and neere,
Through thy great workes the heaven and earth betweene:

So that no man by ignorance can frame
To make excuse he hath not known thy might,
For all thy creatures do declare the same;
In them of thee we may have perfit sight.

But I, a wretch that here doth prostrate lye,
Have knowne thy word, yet not obeyed the same;
So that to heaven I dare not lyft my eye,
Because my sinnes doth make me shrinke for shame.

Wherefore I come to thee with quaking hart,
With trembling conscience, so dismayed for sinne;
Desiring thee with teares to ease my smart,
That I the taste of mercye sweete may winne.

My wounded soule dooth seeke thy precious grace,
To serue for salue of my distressed mind:
O let my prayers pearce thy holy place,
And heare my cryes, O gracious God most kinde.

I dare not lift myne eyes unto thy throne,
Thy glory shineth in such wondrous wise:
Thy brightnesse eke to cherubines is knowne,
Whose majesty dooth dim their dazeled eyes.

When how can I, a synful creature formde,
Present my selfe thy mercy to obtaine;
Whose syns dooth more then seaish sands abounde,
Or all the stars that in the heauens remaine?

For I have broke the promise that I made,
When as I was baptised in thy name:
So that, alas! my hart is sore afrayde
Least thy just judgements damne me for the same.

I dyd protest to fyght against my flesh,
And to subdue my earthly Adam olde;
Yet like the dog I run to it afresh,
And greedyly I take thereof fast holde.

I promised the world for to subdue,
Whose wanton wyles with wickednesse is fyl'd:
Yet like a wretch I egerly pursue
Such vanities as he therein hath wil'd.

I vowed eke to foyle my deadly foe,
That subtil Sathan, enemy of grace;
Yet have I yeelded like a coward thoe,
And followed his pleasures vaine like case.

Yea, every day I seeke to clime to thee,
And yet, alas! my weaknesse makes me fall
Wherefore I wish that death would set me free,
That I through faith might fynde redresse of all:

Which maketh me that I durst not approche
Unto thy presence to obtaine releese:
Dear't but throw Christ thy mercy I incroche,
With hope in him to get release of greefe;

Who by the fountain of his precious blood
Hath washt away the fylth of my offence;
Whose gushing streames like to a river stoode,
To clense my soule defylde by lewd pretence.

He paid the ransome of my faults most vyle
With bitter death, for me which was his foe:
Yea, heare on earth he lived in much raile,
That I might gaine the place where grace doth growe.

Wherefore to Him I will for pardon flye,
And crave release of my offences past;
So doo I knowe he will me not denye,
And graunt his mercy unto me at last.

Wherefore I crave, O heavenly Father mine,
For thy Sonne's sake vouchsafe my soule to save.
And unto me thy gracious ears incline,
That in his blood doo pardon boldly crave.

Forgive me all th' offences of my youth,
And graunt to me the comfort of thy Spright:
Have pittie, Lorde, and turne to me thy rueth;
So shall my soule in thee for aye delight.

Wipe out my synnes of thy remembrance, Lorde,
And place my name within thy booke of life:
O make my hart to thee alwayes accorde,
That this my conscience may be free from strife.

Make me a veasell to thy gloryous will,
For to possesse a place of heavenly joyes:
So shall I laude and spred thy glory still,
And scape thy dainger that the soule destroyes.

Graunt this, good Lord, for Jesus Christe's sake,
To whom with thee, and thy Eternall Spright,
Which persones three one perfyt God doo make,
Be lasting laude, as it belonges aright.

CXX.

L. RAMSEY.

A SHORT DISCOURSE OF MAN'S FATALL END,

With (an unfaygned) commendation of the worthiness of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England, who deceased the 11th day of February, 1578.

Since God hath fyxt our dayes and yeares to live
and eke to dye,
And takes his choice of us his sheepe, what might
shall him deny,
But that he may without regarde his creatures
take and save,
Yea, beare them up, yea, throw them down from
life unto the grave?
Rejoice we then among the route, which doth this
thing confesse,
And pray that God may have his will: he teacheth
us no lesse.
And thanke him to for all his giftes, and seeme
not for to mourne
For that which he hath in himselfe set downe
ere we were borne.
All tymes with him is not one houre, to age no
subject is:
All shall decay, yea, heaven and earth; such power
and glory is his.
Borne all to dye, and dye we must; all flesh shall
yeelde to death:
The promise made welcome the tyme which sayth,
Let go his breath.

CXXI.

W. ELDERTON.

AN EPYTAPHE

Uppon the death of the Right Reuerend and learned Father in God, Juell, Doctor of Diuinitie, and Bishop of Sarisburie, whom God called to his mercie the 22d September, 1571.

THE Juell of our joye is gone; the happie heauens have wonne
The greatest gift that ever was with us beneth the sonne;
Which makes such weepinge eyes in Sallesbury, they saye,
As all the ronning streames thereof can neuer washe awaye.
Alas! is Juell dead, the folder of the flocke?
If death haue caught the diall up, then who shall keepe the clocke?
O God, what griefe is this thye charie church should want
A bishoppe of so good a grace, when good men be so skant!
We feare the plague, they saye; but such a plague as this
Sithens I was borne I neuer knew, nor neuer shall, I wis.
Yet are there some behinde, I trust, will learne to knowe,
How Juell to his dieing daye his talent did bestow;
So busie at his booke to bring the truth to light,
As they that lyke the redie way may looke and finde it right.

His house and housholde was so kept for his degree,
As Paull in his epistles wrightes a bishoppe's house should bee:
His diocese, I believe, hee kept in so good awe,
As virtue is content to sweare they lived within her lawe.
His hands and hart were free, the needie could not lacke.
Such peace and concord planted hee, as nothing went to wracke;
And charie went to churche himselfe by breake of daye,
That his example might procure the rest to go that waye:
And gaue unto his men their dueties when he died,
With large and lordlie recompence; this cannot bee denied.
Alas! with piteous mone all Christians now maye weepe,
That we haue such a shephard gone: God help the selie sheepe!
Meethinkes I see in heauen triumphant Truth appeare,
And Faythfulness, which speake aloude, Let Juel now come neare.
Th' appostelles all do prease, meethinkes, to see his face,
And all the angells go about to bring him to his [place:
Then Christ himselfe, meethinkes, I see begins to smile,
And saith, Beholde my chosen frende I looke for all this while:
And Abraham rends his clothes and bouels out his brest,
And sayth to Juel, Jumpe in here, and take thye quiet rest.

CXXII.

ROBERT BURDET.

THE REFUGE OF A SINNER.

Soyled in sinnes, O Lord! a wretched sinfull ghoste,
To thee I call, to thee I sue, that showest of mercie most:
Who can me helpe but thou, in whom all healp doth rest?
My sinne is more than man can mend, and that thou knowest best.
On whom then shall I call, to whom shall I make mone?
Sith man is mightlesse sinne to cure, I seeke to thee alone:
In thee I knowe all might and power doth remayne,
And at thy handes I am well sure mercie I shall obtain.
Thy promise cannot fayle, wherein I me repose;
To thee alone (els to no man) my hart wyll sinne disclose:
The sinner thou doest saue, no Saviour els I finde;
Thou onely satisfied hast for the sinne of all mankynde,
The sacrifice whereof thou offeredst once for aye,
Whereby his wrath for Adam's gylt thy Father put awaye;
And by thy death alone mankinde restored is:
There was no meanes mercye for man to get of him but this.

Now thou hast mercye bought, if man by thee will craue,
And who that seeketh by other meanes small mercie might he haue.
Wherefore, O Lorde! on thee for mercie do I call;
Let not my sinnes consume me cleane, and I dampned to fall.
The merites of my workes, were they neuer so just,
I here forsake, and them resigne to such as in them trust.

CXXIII.

JUD SMITH.

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIFTH CHAPTER OF THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

Christ speaketh to the Church.

Come, wend unto my garden gay,
My sister and my spowse:
For I haue gathered mirre with spice,
And other goodly bowes.
I meane to eate my honnye, and
My honny-combe so sweete;
And I will drinke my wyne and milke,
For so it seemeth meete.

Christ to the Apostles.

Eat now, my frinds, do nothing spare,
But be of perfect cheare:
And drink with mirth; for you of me
Are sure beloued deare.

The Voice of the Church.

As I laye in a slombring sleepe,
But being wake in mynde,
I heard my true loue speake and knocke,
And all was me to fynde.

Christe to the Churche.

Open me the gates, said he,
My sister and my loue,
My darling and my hart's desyre,
My onely Turtle-doue.

For why? my heade is full of dewe,
And so are all my lockes
Bedecked well in comely wise
With these benighted drops.

The Voice of the Spouses.

I haue put off my coat; how can
I put it on againe?
And if I fyle my washed feete,
Then washt I them in vaine.

The Voice of the Church speaking of Christe.

But when my loue put in his hande,
Then was my heart so prest
To him, that I was moued much,
And tooke but little rest.
So that I stoode up by and by,
To open him the doore:
But then my handes coulde drop with myrre,
As was not seene before:
Which myrre ran down my fingers fast,
When they were on the lock,
When I was opening him the dore,
That there before did knocke.
But when to my Beloued I
The doore had opened wyde,
He was departed thence away,
And gone his wayes asyde.
And nowe, as he before did speake,
When I coulde not refraine,
So now I sought him mournfullye,
But found him not againe.

And then I cryed after him
As one that was forsake,
And listened still, but answere none
Woulde he unto me make.

STANZAS

From "A Coppie of the Epistle that Jeremye sent unto the Jewes, which were led away Prisoners by the king of Babilon, wherein he certifyeth them of the things which was commaunded him of God."

BECAUSE ye haue committed sinne
Against the myghtie God,
Ye may be certein to possesse
His scourging whip and rod:

Nabuchodonosor the king
Shall lead you captiues all
Unto the Babilonians' soyle,
And there remaine ye shall

Long season, yea, and many dayes;
For God hath so decreede,
That seuen generations
Shall there be spent in deede.

But afterwarde with peace and rest
From thence I will you bring,
In safetie and in sauegarde sure,
As underneath my wing.

But yet whylst that in Babilon
Ye do as captiues byde,
There shall you see the gods of gold
And silver tyme and tyde;

And eke their gods of wood and stone,
Which they on shoulders beare;
Which tendeth unto nothing, but
The heathen for to feare.

But when you see the multitude
Which geueth honor due
Unto these flattering fained gods,
Then do remember you:

"O Lorde, it is thy maiestie
"That oughtest for to haue
"The adoration, whereof nowe
"The heathen thee depraue."

This being done, my angel shall
Be with you as you are,
And I myselfe will surely seeme
For all your soules to care.

As for the timber of those gods,
The carpenter you see
Hath polyshed, and yet besyde
They gaily gilted be.

Yet are they thinges of vanitie,
And neuer seeme to speake:
And therefore they that worship them
Do my commandment breake.

CXXIV.

GREGORY SCOTT.

STANZAS

From "A briefe Treatise agaynst certayne Errors of the Romish Church, etc. Very plainly, notably, and pleasantly confuting the same by Scriptures and auncient writers. Compiled by Gregory Scot, 1570. Perused and lisenced according to the Quene's Maiestie's Iniunction. 1574."

How is the faythful city chaungde
From that it was before!
Where righteousnes sometime did syt,
Now bloudshed raygneth more.

Rome once it had renowmed prayse,
For Truth therein did dwell:
A faythfull citie once it was,
And others did excell.

But now ungodlynes doth raygne,
Where fayth dyd then abound:
Their wicked and most lothsome liues
Throughout the world doth sound.

Rome is a cage of birdes uncleane,
A sincke of filthy synne:
Few errours haue the Church infect,
That dyd not there begynne.

From thence they spred over the earth:
What place could once be found,
That free was from infection?
In Europe none was found.

Wher canker once hath taken roote,
It creepeth ouer all:
Herein that wicked mother-churche
We may to witnes call;

Which, once declining from the truth
And from the perfect waye,
Hath ever synce more errours bred,
And further gone astraye.

Of these errours my purpose is
Here brieflie to intreate;
But not of all, for that were much,
The number is so greate:

I meane, of such as you your selues,
By whom mayntayned they bee,
Might some perceiue (so plain they are),
If eyes you had to see.

* * * * * * *

The glorie of the immortall God,
Whose shape was neuer sene,
To images of mortall men
Thus have you chaunged cleane.

But whereof be they images?
Of God they can be none;
For he doth lyue euen of hymselfe,
And geueth lyfe alone.

The image hath no lyfe nor breath,
Nor cannot moue at all;
It cannot once get up agayne,
If that it chaunce to fall.

Moreouer, God is infinite,
And measured cannot bee;
His breadth, his length, how can you shew
In mettall, stone, or tree?

No carnall substance is in God,
Such thought haue not in mynde;
God is a spirit, and who can
An image thereof finde?

No liknes then there is of God,
In image wrought by arte,
In substance, nor in outward fourme,
Nor any other part.

Therefore accursed is the worke,
Reprochefull unto God,
Whereby the Godhead you compare
Unto a piece of wood.

* * * * * * *

The tree doth lift itselfe aloft,
That hath least fruit theron;
But where great plenty groweth most,
It boweth down anon.

So are we proude, and yet but poore,
No goodnes we haue here:
Though we lyue well, yet euermore
Let us fall downe in feare.

And so not in our rightuousnes,
But for his mercie's sake,
To God in tyme of troubles great
Our prayers we will make.

As unto godly workes in Christ
We all be created;
So let us warely walke therein,
As God hath ordayned;

Forsaking all our former synnes,
Renude in hart and mynde,
Least unto Christ our Sauiour
We shew our selues unkynde;

Who by his death dyd us redeeme,
Not to our selues to lyue,
But unto him, his lyfe for us
That did so freely gyue.

O God, be mercyfull to us,
And blesse us plenteously;
The brightnes of thy countenance
Shew us continually.

That we on earth thy waies mai learn,
And euer thinke thereon,
And that all nations here may know
Thy sauing health alone.

CXXV.

CHRISTOPHER LEVER.

A PRAYER.

Lord Jesus, let thy holy eyes reflect
Their influence vpon my earthen state:
Thy heauenly presence is a faire aspect;
There doth my soule delight to speculate:
For by those starres I best can calculate
My lot of grace, which neuer is deni'd
To him that viewes this Christ thus crucifi'd,

But O! the organ of this holy speech
That breatheth life to euery faithfull eare!

This holy one his holy word did preach;
He giues for nothing what would cost vs deare,
And makes assurance where before was feare.
Lord Iesus, giue me knowledge in thy teaching;
I shall lesse neede these times' contentious preaching.

His breath he formeth into holy prayer,
Which doth ascend the throne of maiestie:
For vs poore men all his petitions were;
He aduocates for vs perpetuallie.
Thinke ye the Father will his Sonne denie?
What neede I for more Intercessors care,
When holy Christ doth intercede his prayer?

Thou splendor of thy Father's maiestie;
Thou God of God; thou man, all men's redeemer;
Thou king of Iewes, thou Christ they crucifie;
Thou one wherein all graces treasured are;
Thou mercifull, thou all, thou euery where;
To thee, O Sauiour Iesus! I repaire;
Exhibite, Lord, my pardon in thy prayer.

Pardon my youthfull sinning, and my old;
Pardon my secrete and reuealed ones;
Pardon my errours, that be manifold;
Pardon committings and omitions;
Pardon my nature stayned with corruptions.
Lord, pardon all, in all I haue offended;
Thy pardon free, to all be it extended.

CXXVI.

JOHN PHILLIP.

STANZAS

From "A Frendly Larum, or faythfull warnynge to the trueharted subiectes of England. Discoueryng the actes and malicious myndes of those obstinate and rebellious Papists that hope (as they term it) to haue theyr golden day."

WHAT meanes the ragynge mindes
Of cruell carelesse sorte,
To raunge with rage, whose chollor hot
They deeme a sweete disporte?

Or why do Papistes mutter so
In euery corner now
Such tidinges straunge, as scarsly they
In triall dare auow?

Their tongues to tell forth lies
They dayly do imploy;
To sclaunder truth and godly men
They take exceeding ioy.

As rechlesse forth they raunge,
Regarding nought at all;
Some liue in hope againe to see
The worship of God Baall.

And still they boast therof,
As peruerse Papistes will:
They spit their poison where they please,
As Hydra's whelps full ill.

And here they prie, and there they spie,
Their equals forth to finde;
And oft in Paules they parley forth
Their spiteful cankered minde.

Yea, still they talke of newes,
And then their mindes they say:
But partinge then, "Adew," saithe one,
"Unto the golden day:

"When wee shall haue our wils
And purpose come to passe;
And eke enioy, as wee doo wish,
Our long-desired masse.

"And then shall goe to wracke
The broode that Luther bred:
Olde custome shall supplie the Churche,
Whiche errour now hath fed."

Thus prate they as they liste,
In secret muttringe sorte;
Not basshing suche pernitious talke
To parley and reporte.

Some wish the Basan bull
Might haue the rulinge sway;
Who (as they boast) shall them restoare
Unto there golden day.

Some wish the waueringe Moone
Might quite eclips the Sunne:
And thus before their wittes, wee see,
Some Papistes' tounges doo runne.

Some wish the redcombde bird might crow,
And beare away the game:
But yet his combe may hap be cut,
For practisinge the same.

And longe this sauage crewe
Of Bonner made account,
To throne of London's rule againe
In golden day should mount;

Who then would make our Protestants
The cuckoe's songe to singe;
Or els with faggottes' firie flames
To ruine them to bringe.

But God berefte their hope,
Which vainely fed their minde:
And unto his elected churche
A pleadge of loue assinde.

For when they bragged most
To haue there golden day,
Then God by death did ouerthrowe
The piller of their staye.

And then they hunge their heades,
As men that wanted braynes;
And sobbingly did shewe by sighes
Their straunge tormenting paynes.

Some then were drownd in deepe dispaire,
That longe in hope did liue:
Yea, some did showe with streames,
What griefe his death did giue.

Thus were the Papistes drencht
In fluddes of flowinge woe:
As plainely men might see and vew
By their externall shoe.

* * * * * *

But harke! ye Balaams blind,
Of popish saincts ye bee;
The darknesse with cleare light
At no time can agree.

Can Christe and Belliall loue?
Can truth a falsehood bee?
Or shall the goates expulse the lambes
From heaven? confesse to mee.

No more can you his sainctes,
The flocke of God, deface;
Ne yet his pardon graunt to you
In heauen a resting-place.

But yet if cursed cruell Cain,
Which shed iust Abel's blood,
For homicide shall winne the heauens,
Then Christ shall doo you good.

If Arius, that heretique,
Enioy felicitie;
Then shall your pope, and you his sainctes,
Which are as ill as he.

If Iudas for betraying Christe
Shall raigne in heauen on hie;
So shall the pope, and you his sainctes;
I can it not denie.

If Mahomet, that prophete false,
Eternitie doo gaine;
Then shall the pope, and you his sainctes,
In heauen be sure to raigne.

If Julius Apostata
With Christe a place possesse;
So shall the pope, and you his sainctes;
Of force I must confesse.

But harke! prepare your eares to heare
What tidinges I shall tell:
As these for their most wicked liues
Did sincke downe into hell;

So shall the pope and all his saincts,
Unlesse they doo repent,
Receiue like hyre, when Christ from heauen
To iudge us shal be sent.

For none more prone then he
The truthe for to withstand;
And none more apte then are his saincts
To take the sworde in hand,

To fight against God's heauenly truth,
And those that loue the same:
Such zeale haue they vnto the drosse
That peltinge popes did frame.

What truth their doctrine hath,
Is easie for to trie:
A man may iudge the fruites thereof,
That hath but halfe an eie.

* * * * * *

But God from heauen with vengeance hot
This monster vile will blast;

Yea, he will breake the crewe
Of all the popish brood,
That hope to haue a golden day
To shed more martyrs' bloud.

Yea, Christ wil swage the greedy thirst
Of cruell carelesse Cain,
Which persecute his members still,
And put his saincts to paine.

He will not leaue his Churche
To languish in distresse,
Though he permit some tirants still
Hir children to oppresse:

But as a faithfull husband sure
He doth his Church regard,
And at the last amidst his wrath
His foes will sure reward.

Yea, he will breake the jawes
Of antichrist so wood,
Which greedely his woluish thirst
Doth quench with martyrs' bloud.

* * * * * *

Then thinke ye, papists prowd,
The mighty God doth sleepe,
Because ye scape unplagued yet,
That kill his simple sheepe?

No! God beholds your rage,
He sees his people's griefe;
And, to decay your force in time,
Will graunt his saincts reliefe.

* * * * * *

Then haue we not a golden daye?
The Lorde prolonge the same!
That in his feare henceforth we may
Practise our liues to frame;

And so be thankfull to our God
For these his giftes of grace,
That he may still behold our daies
With his most louyng face;

That all our wordes and deedes henceforth
May learne so to accorde,
That we with harts unfained may
Still liue and laude the Lorde:

And next our gracious Queene
So honour and obaye,
That England may be freed still
From papists' golden daye;

Which unto those that feare the Lord,
And loue his veritie,
Through rigor and extorted force
A dismall daie would be.

From which, Lord, fende thy littel flocke,
And giue our foes a fall:
Confound those cruell Caines, O Lord,
That for a chaunge do call.

And so thy truth do grafte
Within our tender hart,
That from thy truth and testament
No daunger cause us start.

Confound the rage of rebels stout;
Lord, be our strength and towre:
As from the Turke, so shield us, Lord,
From force of popish powre.

Abate their pride, which wilfull be,
In lingringe hope to staie;
Protect thy fold, defend thy churche
From papists' golden daye.

Aduaunce thy gospell still,
Let not thy praise decaie:
Stretch forth thine arme, and shield us still
From papists' golden daie.

Let all that loue thy testament
With harts unfayned praie,
That neuer more in England here
The pope haue golden daie.

Increase the number of thy folde;
Thy mercie, Lord, displaie;
Prolonge amonge thy simple sheepe
This happy golden daie:

That we thy pasture may attaine,
And so thy worde obaie,
That we at no time neede to feare
The papists' golden daie.

Come, hast thy kingdome, mighty God,
Come, Jesus Christ, we praie;
That all our foes may learne and know
We haue a golden daie.

Our realme and queen defend, dere God,
With hart and minde I praie;
That by thy aide hir grace may keepe
The papists from their daie.

Hir health, hir wealth, and vitall race,
In mercy longe increase;
And graunt that ciuill warre and strife
In England still may cease.

Confound the purpose and deuise
Of all that carelesse crewe,
Which seeke by force for to withstand
Thy worde and gospell trewe.

Preserue the counsell of this realme,
Let thy Sprite be their staie;
That they their councell may imploy
To breake the papistes' daie.

Sende preachers true, good Lord,
Thy gospell to display;
That by their trauell they may let
The papists' golden day.

The commons of this realme defend,
That loue may ay abound;
And graunt obedience to our queene
May euermore be found:

That as she faithfull is
  Hir subiectes ay to loue,
So true and trustie unto hir
  Our hartes may euer proue.

Thus shall the mighty God
  Be our defence and stay,
And keepe the cruell papists still
  From their longe-wished day.

And we shall haue, as God do graunt
  To papists swift decay,
The worde of grace sincerely preacht,
  Which is our golden day.

Which to continew longe,
  To God let us all pray:
Whose glorious name be lauded still
  For this our golden day.

CXXVII.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

STANZAS

From "The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased."

A Jove surgit opus.

CHAPTER I.

WISEDOME, elixer of the purest life,
Hath taught hir lesson to iudicial views,
To those that iudge a cause and end a strife,
Which sits in iudgement's seat, and iustice use;
A lesson worthy of diuinest care,
Quintessence of a true diuinest feare.

Vnwilling that exordium should retaine,
Her life-infusing speech doth thus begin:
You (quoth shee) that giue remedy or paine,
Love iustice; for iniustice is a sin.
Giue vnto God his due, his reuerent stile;
And rather vse simplicity then guile.

For him that guides the radiant eie of day,
Sitting in his star-chamber of the skie,
The horizons and hemespheres obay,
And windes, the fillers of vacuitie:
Much lesse shuld man tempt God, when all obay,
But rather be a guide and leade the way.

For temting argues but a sin's attempt;
Temptation is to sin associate:
So doing, thou from God art cleane exempt,
Whose loue is neuer placde in his loue's hate:
He will be found not of a tempting minde,
But found of those which he doth faithfull finde.

Temptation rather seperates from God,
Conuerting goodnes from the thing it was;
Heaping the indignation of his rod
To bruse our bodies like a brittle glasse:
For wicked thoughts haue still a wicked end,
In making God our foe, which was our frend.

They muster up reuenge, encamp our hate,
Vndoing what before they meant to do,
Stirring up anger and vnluckie fate;
Making the earth their friend, the heauen their foe:
But when heauen's Guide makes manifest his power,
The earth, their frinds, doth them like foes deuoure.

O foolish men, to warre against your blisse!
O hatefull harts, where wisedome neuer raign'd!
O wicked thoughts, which euer thought amisse!
What have you reapt? what pleasure haue you gain'd?
A fruite in shew, a pleasure to decay;
This haue you got by keeping follie's way.

For wisedome's haruest is with follie nipt,
And with the winter of your vice's frost
Her fruite all scattered, her implanting ript,
Her name decayed, her fruition lost:
Nor can she prosper in a plot of vice,
Gaining no summer's warmth, but winter's ice.

Thou barren earth, where vertues neuer bud,
Thou fruitles wombe, where neuer fruits abide;
And thou, drie-withered sap, which bears no good,
But the dishonor of thy prowd heart's pride;
A seate of al deceit, deceit deceaude,
Thy blisse a woe, thy woe of blisse bereaude.

This place of night hath left no place for day;
Here neuer shines the sunne of discipline:
But mischiefe clad in sable night's array,
Thought's apparition, euill angell's signe;
These raigne enhoused with their mother night,
To cloude the day of clearest wisedom's light.

CHAPTER IX.

O God of fathers, Lord of heau'n and earth,
Mercie's true soueraigne, pittie's portraiture,
King of all kings, a birth surpassing birth,
A life immortall, essence euer pure;
Which with a breath ascending from thy thought
Hast made the heau'ns of earth, the earth of nought.

Thou which hast made mortalitie for man,
Beginning life to make an end of woe,
Ending in him what in himselfe began,
His earth's dominion, through thy wisedome's flow;
Made for to rule according to desart,
And execute reuenge with upright heart.

Behold a crowne, but yet a crowne of care;
Behold a scepter, yet a sorrowe's guise;
More than the ballance of my head can beare,
More than my hands can hold, wherein it lies:
My crowne doth want supportance for to beare,
My scepter wanteth empire for to weare.

A leglesse body is my kingdome's mappe,
Limping in follie, halting in distresse:
Giue me thy wisedome, Lord, my better happe,
Which may my follie cure, my griefe redresse:
O let me not fall in obliuion's caue;
Let wisedome be my baile, for her I craue.

Behold thy seruant pleading for his hire,
As an apprentice to thy gospel's word;
Behold his poore estate, his hot-cold fire,
His weake-strong limmes, his mery woes record:
Borne of a woman, woman-like in woe;
They weake, they feeble are, and I am so.

My time of life is as an houre of day,
'Tis as a day of months, a month of yeeres;
It neuer comes againe, but fades away,
As one morne's sunne about the hemispheres:
Little my memory, lesser my time,
But least of all my vnderstanding's prime.

Say that my memory should neuer die:
Say that my time should neuer loose a glide:
Say that myselfe had earthly maiestie,
Seated in all the glory of my pride:
Yet if discretion did not rule my minde,
My raigne would be like fortune's, follie-blind;

My memory a pathway to my shame,
My time the looking-glasse of my disgrace,
My selfe resemblance of my scorned name,
My pride the puffed shadow of my face:
Thus should I be remembered, not regarded;
Thus should my labours end, but not rewarded.

What were it to be shadow of a king?
A vanitie: to weare a shadow'd crowne?
A vanitie: to loue an outward thing?
A vanitie: vaine shadowes of renowne:
This king is king of shades, because a shade;
A king in shew, though not in action made.

His shape haue I, his cognisance I weare,
A smoaky vapour hem'd with vanitie;

Himselfe I am, his kingdome's crowne I beare,
Vnlesse that wisedome change my liuerie:
A king I am, God hath inflamed me,
And lesser than I am I cannot be.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE birds forsooke the ayre, the sheepe the fould,
The eagle pitched low, the swallow hie,
The nightingale did sleepe, and vncontrouled
Forsoke the prickle of her nature's eie:
The seely worme was friends with all her foes,
And suckt the dew-teares from the weeping rose.

The sparrow tunde the larke's sweet melody,
The larke in silence sung a dirge of dole,
The linnet helpt the larke in malady,
The swans forsooke the quire of billow-roule;
The drie-land foule did make the sea their nest,
The wet-sea fish did make the land their rest.

The swans, the queristers which did complaine
In inward feeling of an outward losse,
And filde the quire of waues with lauing paine,
(Yet dauncing in their waile with surges tosse,)
Forsooke her cradle-billow-mountaine bed,
And hies her vnto land there to be fed.

Her sea-fare now is land-fare of content;
Olde change is changed new, yet all is change;
The fishes are her food, and they are sent
Vnto drie land, to creep, to feed, to range[2]:
Now coolest water cannot quench the fire,
But makes it proud in hottest hot desire.

The eu'ning of a day is morne to night,
The eu'ning of a night is morne to day;
The one is Phœbe's clime, which is pale-bright,
The other Phœbus', in more light array:

Shee makes the mountaines limp in chil-cold
snowe;
Hee melts their eies, and makes them weep for
woe.

His beames, ambassadors of his hot will,
Through the transparent element of aire
Doth only his warme embassage fulfill,
And melts the icie iaw of Phœbe's heyre:
Yet these, though firie flames, could not thaw
cold,
Nor breake the frosty glew of winter's mould.

Here nature slue herselfe, or at the least
Did take the passage of her hot aspects:
All things haue nature to be worst or best,
And must encline to that which she affects:
But nature mist herselfe in this same part,
For she was weake, and had not nature's hart.

'Twas God which made her weake, and made her
strong,
Resisting vice, assisting righteousness;
Assisting and resisting right and wrong,
Making this epilogue in equallness:
'Twas God, his people's aid, their wisedome's
frend,
In whom I did begin, with whom I end.

A Iove surgit opus: de Iove finit opus.

CXXVIII.

JOHN AWDELIE.

From "An Epitaphe upon the Death of Mayster John Viron, Preacher."

From pasture unto pasture he dyd thee bryng to feede,
And never ceased to make thee from fayth to fayth proceede.
There restes no more for you hys paynes now to requite,
But so to walke as he you taught, and speake of hym the ryght.

And thou, O England, now, to ende and mone wyth theese,
Lament thou mayst also wyth us, a woorkeman thus to leese.
Thy harvest is so great, and laborers so fewe;
Yea, of those fewe some loyterers full yll themselves do shewe.

And let us hereby take a warning to us all,
That seeing harvest is so great, and woorkemen's nomber small,
Our fruit must needes be lost, ourselves to famishe brought,
Our land layde lyke a wyldernes, and brought at length to nought.
But thou, O Lorde and God of this our harvest [great,
Spare thou our woorkemen, and more send, that labour will with sweate;
That, as we mone for John environed by death,
Thou wylt us glad wyth many a Paule enspirde with heavenly breath.

CXXIX.

EDWARD WOLLAY.

From "A Plaine Pathway to Perfect Rest."

You, readers, marke this well, and printe this in
your harte,
And do not as the partridge doth, at every thinge
to starte;
At every winde that blowes, it runnes in wods to lie,
And every childe that throwes a stone doth make
the partridge flie.
Now, as I trust you will plant this within your
brest,
It shall incourage me to write the way to perfit rest.

When I did call to minde what cures we have in
care,
This one chief clause I finde, most mindefull to
beware.
Wee know what God hath wil'd to do, or to for-
beare;
Yet willingly we yeelde from safetie unto snare.
And therefore in this case my judgement doth ad-
vaunce,
That knowledge without grace is worse then
ignoraunce.

Wee know what thanckes wee owe to God for all
his giftes;
Yet contrary we showe to him ourselves unthriftes:
The good from evill we see in all our daily driftes;
Yet to do good we flee, for lacke of grace's giftes.
Then may we use this frase, most nice in remem-
braunce,
That knowledge without grace is worse than igno-
raunce.

CXXX.

WILLIAM GIBSON.

From "A Discription of Norton's Falcehood of Yorkshyre, and of his fatall Farewel."

If God command the wyndes to cease,
His blastes are layd full low:
If God command the seas to calme,
They wyll not rage or flow.

All thinges at God's commandement be,
If he their state regarde:
And no man lives whose destinie
By him is unpreparde.

But when a man forsakes the ship,
And rowles in wallowing waves;
And of his voluntarie wyll
His owne good hap depraves;

How shal he hope to scape the gulfe?
How shal he thinke to deal?
How shal his fansie bring him round
To saftie's shore with sayle?

How shall his fraight in fine succede?
Alas! what shall he gayne?
What feare by storms do make him quake,
How ofte subjecte to payne!

How sundrie times in danger's den
Is throwne the man unwyse!
Who climes withouten holde on hye,
Beware, I him advise.

CXXXI.

ANTHONY NIXON.

THE CHRISTIAN NAVY,

WHEREIN IS PLAINELY DESCRIBED THE PERFIT COURSE TO SAYLE TO THE HAUEN OF ETERNALL HAPPINESSE.

THE wretched seas of worldly pleasures vayne,
The mischiefes and the harmes that come thereby,
The flattering showes that trouble most the brayne,
The noysome lusts and fancies there that lie,
That causers are of euerlasting payne,
I will declare, and which way we should runne,
What course to keep, what dangers we should shun.

Within these seas, when first we enter in,
When first to wind our sayles committed be,
When pleasantly on calmed streames we swimme,
A mightie rocke we straight at hand may see,
All massie gold, all deckt and garnisht trimme:
The compasse great with corners out doth lye,
The height whereof doth reach the starrie skye:

A stately rocke beset with diamonds fayre,
And powldred round about with rubies red,
Where emeralds greene do glister in the ayre,
With mantle blue of saphyres ouerspred;
Where wants no stone that Nature can repayre:
Another heauen for the time it seemes,
And oft for heauen foolish man it deemes.

With swelling sandes it lyes encompast round,
And many a ragged reach it sendeth out,
Whereby a thousand thousands haue bin drown'd;
Yet neuer cease they for to sayle about,
In gazing still vpon this gorgeous ground,
Till on the sands with hasty course they slide,
And lose themselues vpon this piere of pride.

No danger greater shalt thou lightly find,
That more mishap or mischiefe more doth make,
Then this, that plucks away eche mortall minde,
And causeth him contrary course to take;
Who, forward bent with foolish pride-puft winde,
Forsakes the way, till keele on sands he knocke,
And dasheth all asunder on this rocke.

A wretched rocke, that, mounting to the skye,
Contenting not himselfe with earthly spoyle,
Once ouerthrew the angels sitting hye,
And cast them headlong from their happy soyle
To darkest place, where wayling now they lye:
The chiefe estates and princes here below
Haue right good cause this dangerous place to know.

* * * * *

Fly thou this rocke, and take good heede thereto:
For whoso keepes this dreadfull dangerous way,
Will runne the race that him will quite vndoe,
And misse the marke, by sayling thus astray,
That should him bring this happie hauen to.
No greater harme can hap to mortall kinde,
Then for to runne upon this danger blind.

For whoso once vpon the same doth fall,
Forgetteth God, forgets his owne estate;
Of good or vertue makes no count at all,
So he may liue aloft without a mate;
And, for t' attayne a little glory small,

He nought esteemes of mighty Loue his wrath,
Though nought haue greater perill then pride hath.

But to auoyde this rocke and hazzard great,
Strike thou thy sayles, and beare thy count'nance low;
Shun sumptuous shew, regard not lordly seate,
Nor to be knowne: seeke rather God to know,
Who, being Lord and Prince of glory great,
In poore attire, and simple shew beside,
Came down from hie, to teach vs to shun pride.

Remember still how that the lofty mindes,
That in this world doe seeke to glister so,
Blowne on this rocke by fond vaine-glorious winds,
Fall headlong downe to euerlasting woe,
Where no release of torments they shall finde;
But as they wont in colours bright to goe,
So bright in flames of fire shall overthrow.

CXXXII.

ABRAHAM FLEMING.

A SPIRITUALL SONG,

CONTEINING "A GLORYING OF GOD, ETC."

All glorie vnto God,
The guider of the iust:
Blest be his name in heauen and earth.
Whereto the righteous trust

Repaire his tempels to,
Him worship and adore;
Alleluiah sing and say
To him for euermore.

He is the God of grace,
Whose kingdome knowes none end;
A mightie God, from all annoies
That can his flock defend.

Most mercifull is he
To such as do repent,
Forgiuing them which for their sins
Are sorie and lament.

Laud we his holy name,
As dutie doth command;
Each tongue sound out his majesty;
Adore him, sea and land.

My heart, my tongue and voice
Shall play the organ pipes
In praysing him, out of the skore
Our desperate debts which wipes.

No time will I let slip,
If God do giue me grace,
Great thanks to render to his name,
Which filleth every place.

CXXXIII.

EDMOND ELUIDEN.

A NEWE-YERE'S GIFT TO THE REBELLIOUS PERSONS IN THE NORTH PARTES OF ENGLAND.

Do tyrauntes teache their people's heartes
To folowe pitie's trade?
Or is it seene that wyttie lawes
Of foolyshe men be made?

Or can a drunkarde grauely yeelde
An aunswere to the wyse?
Or may a foole in wayghtie thynges
Declare a good deuyse?

As they, euen so lyke power haue you
Good order for to plant
In commonwealth; when as your wyttes
And workes all order want.

You also earnestly pretende,
As with religious face,
To roote out scismes, and error voyde,
And set the trueth in place.

Yet, venimous deceauers, least
You mynde the same intent,
But make religion for a cloke
To couer that is ment;

And under subtyll clause contayne
A venimous deuyse;
As eche may see, who marketh howe
Your cauels do aryse.

For though you stoode in mayntenaunce
Of trueth, as you not so,
But in such false opinion erre
As is to trueth a foe;

Yet ought you not agaynst your prince
A weapon for to beare;
Synce that the perfect loue of God
Consysteth in the feare

Of Hym, an in the duetie done
Unto the ruling throne
Of earthly magistrates, whereto
The scriptures bynde eche one.

But you rebellious, voyde of grace,
As not in your defence,
Through any cause compellyng you,
Deuise a vayne pretence:

But make a quarrell, and aryse
Agaynst your prince's myght,
Whose state you seeme for to disdayne,
And dealynges to dispyght.

Oh blynded you! and do you deme
That of a godly sonne,
Who sees his father do amyss,
It were a thyng well done,

That he his father shoulde correct
Or punyshe? no, you knowe:
Much lesse likewise shoulde you presume
Lyke rygour for to showe

Agaynst your princesse, who would guyde
Your footsteppes to the lyght;
But, wylfull subiectes, you despyse
The day, and loue the nyght.

And further, though the wicked syer
Shoulde seeme for to prouoke
His well-disposed sonne to yll,
Through force of strype or stroke;

Thynke you the chylde in his defence
May offer strype agayne?
No, no; his bounden duetie is
For to forbeare the payne.

And in lyke case the subiectes ought
Their soueraigne to obey,
As to forbeare, and not reuenge,
Though in their power they may.

For as the chylde by nature is
Unto the father bounde;
And as it is the father's ryght
Of sonne to be renownde;

So lykewyse are the subiectes thrall
Unto their princes' wyll,
By perfect duetie to obay,
Forbeare, and honor styll.

CXXXIV.

ANONYMOUS.

STANZAS

From "An Answere to the Proclamation," etc.

To all the olde and Catholike,
That be of such religion
As you be, that be franticke madde,
And foolish of opinion,

You write; that they your minde may know,
And you their mind againe,
Whether they meane to take your part,
And so in fielde be slaine.

No faithfull man, you may be sure,
Will lyke your crooked style:
Also your trayne, if they be wise,
Will lyke it but a whyle.

Chorath, Dathan, and Abiram,
Or else Achitophell,
With Absalon, Adoniah,
Of their olde faith ye smell.

In deede your olde religion
Is waren stale for age:
Ye meane to make it new againe
With mightye rebels' rage.

You shall haue much adoe, be sure,
Though you thinke nothing so:
You haue to long a time sit still,
And suffered truth to growe.

When God and prince is ioynde in one
For to defende the truth,
And you against them stande in fielde;
Marke then what it ensuth:

The ruine of the contrarie
Must needes with speede be seene,
For troubling still the flocke of Christ,
And such a quiet queene.

CXXXV.

THOMAS NELSON.

A GODLIE PRAYER GIUEN TO HER MAIESTIE.

O GRACIOUS God, bowe downe thine eare
To me, that prostrate stand,
And graunt my prayer may be perfourmde
With thy most mightie hand.

Graunt, Lord, that our most gracious queene,
Elizabeth by name,
May florish still in happie state
And euerlasting fame.

Graunt that her highnesse liue and raigne
In health and perfect peace:
Graunt that her foes may be cut of;
Her friends, O Lord, encrease.

Graunt that her counsaile still may liue,
To do that which is right,
For safetie of her person, and
This realme, both day and night.

Graunt that the nobles of estate,
And lords of high renowne,
May liue in duetie to their prince,
And true still to the crowne.

Graunt, Lord, that pastors see dischargde
Their dueties in this land,
To beate downe sinne and wickednesse,
Which hath the vpper hand.

Graunt iustices may haue a care
To doe that which is right,
That widdowes nor the fatherlesse
Be not opprest by might.

Graunt, Lord, that they may still defend
The straunger and the poore,
Who sundry tymes by violence
Is thrust cleane out of doore.

* * * * * * *

God graunt that children now may growe
Obedient as they ought;
And that their parents haue a care
They may be duely taught

Their duetie to the God of heauen,
Their parents and their peeres;
So shall they better teach their owne,
When that they come of yeeres.

God graunt that seruants may haue care
To doe their duetie still;
First to please God, to liue in feare,
And doe their maisters' will.

God graunt we may forgiue our foes,
Reuengement for to shunn:
For God a iust reuenger is
Of wrongs that hath bene donn.

Thus of my prayer I make an ende:
God graunt our endes be good;
That we may rest with Christ himself,
Who bought vs with his blood!

CXXXVI.

THOMAS NEWTON.

From "An Epitaphe upon the worthy and honorable Lady, the Lady Knowles."

Death made her free from worldly carke,
From sicknes, paine, and strife;
And hath ben as a gate to bringe
Her to eternall life.

By death therefore she hath receivde
A greater boone, I knowe:
For she hath made a chaunge, whose blisse
No mortall wight can showe.

She here hath loste the companie
Of lords and ladies brave,
Of husband, children, frendes, and kinne,
And courtly states full grave:

In lieu whereof she gained hath
The blessed companie
Of sanctes, archangels, patriarches,
And angelles in degree,

With all the troupes seraphicall,
Which in the heavenly bower
Melodiously, with one accord,
Ebuccinate God's power.

* * * * * *

Examples daily manifolde
Before our eyes we see,
Which put us in rememberaunce
Of our fragilitie,

And bid us watch at every tide
For death, our lurking foe;
Sith dye we must most certainly,
But when, we do not knowe.

CXXXVII.

NICHOLAS BOWEMAN.

FROM AN EPITAPH ON THE DEATH OF JUEL, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

By thee the path of heavenly health, by thee true faith was showen,
By thee the fruites of charitie in deedes and wordes were knowen;
By thee the inwarde man was clad and nourisht verie well;
In any soyle scarce is there founde such Jeuelles for to dwell.
Thy deedes agreed with stedfast wordes fast founded on the rocke;
To Christian state a father deare, and patron to the flocke,
Which beares the title of the Church, or Sheepefould of the Lord,
Approv'd by testimoniall actes, as scriptures do record.
If thus much then th' accompt was made, what creatures can denay
But England shee too soone hath lost a Juell at this day;
Whom neither benefite of wealth could cause to wander froe
The compasse of the heauenly card, his dutie to bestowe?
Amonge his brethrene deare in Christ then, as we have begone, [soone;
Let us suppose that we have lost this Juell all too

Desiring God that, as he is no doubt with him on hie,
We may become true Juelles all until the time we die.
So shall the heavenly verytie most brightly flourish still,
And spred her branches fayre abroad all over Sion hill.

THE LENUOY.

THE highest tree is seldome times most sure,
The swelling floods yeelde ebbes that drench ful low;
Nothing so firme that alwaies can indure:
The tydes through time weare out their times, we know;
The sunne eclips'd, the moone bereft of light,
The day surpris'd, the night abandoned quight.

Houres, dayes, and yeeres, runne out their course at last;
The candell bright hath his extinct in time:
None can recall swift time when time is past;
What bootes it then for worldly pompe to clime?
The watch forwarnes when as the clock will strike;
The cock and clocke are watches both alike.

The fairest day assures his glowning houre;
The sunshine bright is covered oft with shade:
Man's harvest is compared to a flower,
That unawares doth perish, waste, and fade,
And whose pride past beares but a withered hue,
And bendes, and biddes the gardner then adew.

Our life a lampe, that for a time burnes bright;
Our life a spanne, when it is at the best:
Our life assur'd of neither day nor night,
Our life a smoake and unassured rest;
Our life, our state, our stay and vital breath,
Subject unto the sudden call of death.

MEMORIAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Stanzas from "Elisae's Memoriall," &c.

By Anthony Nixon.

(See No. CXXXI.)

Her scepter was the rule of righteousnes;
Her subjects more for love then feare obei'd:
Her government seem'd perfect blessednes;
Her mercie with her justice ever swai'd:
Her bountie, grace, and magnanimitie
Her princely minde did plainely signifie.

She was the golden pipe, through which great Jove
Deriv'd to us his blessings manifolde:
She was the token of his tender love,
Chearing the hearts of all, both yoong and olde:
She hath extinguisht all the mistie daies,
And brought a light more bright then Phœbus' raies.

* * * * * *

That glorious light, which did illuminate
Our harts, which long in darknes had remain'd,
To make us of true light participate,
Whereby our steps from darknes are refrain'd.
How greatly are we bound to praise the Lord
For this great blessing of his sacred word!

GLOSSARY.

Adawe; to overawe, or daunt, or keep in subjection.
Affy; to trust, or place confidence in.
Airount; around.
Aliauntes, alientes; aliens.
Amate; to subdue or daunt.
Amner; an almoner.
Apaid; rewarded.
Arrant; errand.
Assoyle; to liberate, set free, or to solve.

Baight; bate.
Bale; poison.
Batful'st; the most fruitful, rich, or productive.
Bedight; called or named.
Beene; used for being.
Behight; committed or entrusted, sometimes promised, commanded, reckoned, esteemed, spoken, adjudged.
Beprest; opprest.
Bin; used for have been.
B'leeue; belief, or faith.
Bleare; blind.
Bragges; rejoices.
Brast; burst.
Braueth; vies with.
Brent; burnt.
Brickle; brittle.

Cancred; ill-natured.
Carke; care, anxiety.
Carking; careful, anxious.
Carles; churlish persons.
Carren; carrion.
Chuffe; a churl, or miser.
Confracted; broken.
Couetise; covetousness.
Cratch; a rack.
Crouch; crutch.
Currers; couriers.

Dankish; somewhat damp.
Daze; to dazzle, to stun.
Defusion; confusion.
Demisse; humble.
Deneere; a denier, a piece of money.
Despeyred; a place of despair.
Dight; adorned.
Discreation; a being unmade.
Disloked; dislocated.
Distraughted; distracted.
Distent; space or length of extension, stretched out.
Dispend; to lay out, or spend, or consume.
Drowping; drooping.

Earst; before, or at length.
Ebuccinate; trumpet forth.
Edifide; built.
Egelidate; used in the sense of to mix or mingle with.
Electre; apparently used for elixir.
Emball; used in the sense of to contain.
Embrew; to wet with, steep, or moisten.

Empierced; pierced through.
Encleare; to make cleare, or to lighten.
Enflowering; full of flowers.
Engreening; to make green.
Enraunged; enranged, or set in order.
Ensew; to follow in order.
Eyas; a young hawk, unfledged.
Eyne; eye.

Fadome; fathom.
Faulters; transgressors.
Forelay; to lay wait for, to entrap.
Foyle; to trample upon, or overthrow, sometimes to defile.
Fraight; fraught.
Freting; used in the sense of sour.

Gaill; prison.
Ginnes; engines, or plots.
Glose; to deceive, or flatter.
Geere; furniture, dress.
Guerdon; reward.
Gules; red colour, a term in heraldry.

Harrould; herald.
Heast; behest, command.
Historial; historical.
Hoised; hoisted, raised up on high.

Imbowed; arched, vaulted, used in the sense of empty or hollow.
Impe; to lengthen by the addition of something else, to enlarge.
Ingowes; ingots.
Invulgar; free from vulgarity
Itost; tossed about.

Lack; lake.

Maistring; master-like.
Malist; regarded with ill-will.
Melis; meddles, or takes part with.
Mingle-mangle; to mix together, a mixture.
Moe; more.
Mought; might.
Mould-warp; a mole-hill.
Mountaynets; mountains.
Moyle; to defile.

Ne; neither, nor.
Nould; would not.

Opprobryes; shame, contempt, disgrace.
Ourprest; overpowered.

Paint; pant.
Partage; used in the sense of inheritance.
Peerelesse; unequalled.
Perling; purling, running with a murmuring noise as a stream or brook.
Phame; fame.
Pight; placed, or fixed.
Prief; proof.
Propines; offers of kindness or mercy.
Proyning; pruning.
Purtrayed; portrayed, depicted.

Rampiers; ramparts.
Rebutted; beat back.
Reede; precept or advice.
Retchlesse; wretched.
Rood; cross, representation of the crucifixion.
Rue; to hear, or attend to.
Ruth; pity.
Ruynate; to fall, also for ruinated, brought to ruin, thrown down.

Scarffing ; scoffing.
'Scuses ; abbreviation for excuses.
Shend ; put to shame.
Shent ; reproached, blamed.
Shonne ; shunned.
Shredding ; cutting, or destroying.
Sindon ; very fine linen.
Sith ; time, times, sometimes used for since.
Slippen : slippy.
Soare ; soaring.
Solagement ; solace.
Slats ; slates.
Sted ; place, station.
Stied ; ascended.
Stintes ; limits.
Stintlesse ; unlimited.
Stowre ; danger or misfortune.
Submisse ; submissive.
Stubbes ; stumps of trees, &c.

Tearmelesse ; endless.
Thwakt ; thatched.
Thrid ; thread.
Tickle ; uncertain.
Tuns ; tunes.

Vade ; to fade.
Vre ; employ, use.

Waren ; worn.
Waxed ; vexed.
Whilome ; once, sometime.
Whist ; hushed, silenced.
Withouten ; without.
Wode ; wide.
Wrack ; ruin, or violence
Wray ; betray.
Wryed ; gone astray.

Yeke ; also, likewise.
Yernfull ; mournfull.
Yerth ; earth.
Ysteare ; to steer.
Ywasht ; washed.

THE END.

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